

From the Westminster Review.
THE ANTI-SLAVERY REVOLUTION IN AMERICA.

1. *The American Conflict: A History of the Great Civil War in the United States of America, &c., &c.* By HORACE GREERLEY. Illustrated by Portraits on Steel, Views, Maps, Diagrams of Battle Fields, &c. Vol. I. London: Bacon & Co., 1865.
2. *The Political History of the United States of America during the Great Rebellion, &c., &c.* By EDWARD MCPHERSON, Clerk of the House of Representatives of the U. S. Washington: Phipp & Solomons, (Trübner & Co.)
3. *History of the American War.* By Lieutenant-Colonel FLETCHER, Scots Fusilier Guards. Vol. I. (Bentley & Co.)
4. *Testimonies Concerning Slavery.* By M. D. CONWAY, a Native of Virginia. Second edition. Chapman & Hall, 1865.
5. *The Confederate Secession.* By the MARQUESS OF LOTHIAN. William Blackwood & Sons. 1864.

If anything had been needed to confirm the instinct of those, who from the first have held the American war to be a final struggle between slavery and freedom, it would have been supplied in the character of the influence which that war has had upon the politics of other nations. The invisible rays of the war-spectrum have been potent enough on this side of the Atlantic to affect profoundly the conditions of all popular struggles for political rights. At an early date, the American war became an English question; a question whose character is indicated in the less distinct class-division which occurred upon it, and whose depth may be gauged by the profound agitations by which its discussion has been attended. This discussion has been traceable here in disturbed meetings, in collisions, and some law-suits. Candidates have been broken upon or beneath it. It is not supposable, that a war turning upon any local or sectional question, involving no universal principle, or a tariff-war, should have stirred so deeply a foreign people, and a people somewhat noted for common-sense. It was felt by all, that the war was to be the crucial

test of the principle of self-government amongst an Anglo-Saxon people; that if the United States could not maintain itself, it would be plausibly claimed as the bursting of "the republican bubble;" that if it should still fulfil its career as a Republic, the tide of reform in England, certainly, would steadily follow all the phases of its waxing strength.

The classes in England which espoused the cause of the South entered upon as hopeless a task as their allies across the water. Even had the American Republic failed, it would have been seen to be the result of so much *anti-republicanism* as it had retained among its institutions; and, instead of bolstering up aristocratic interests or theories, it would have been a terribly impressive lesson in favour of the inviolability of the rights of the lowest, and a powerful testimony to human equality. But if they could gain nothing in any event of the American war, they may yet find that they could lose much at home by assuming an attitude of rebellion against the established principles and most sacred feelings of the English people. We know that it is the habit in some quarters to deny indignantly that those who sympathized with the South sympathized with slavery. It is perhaps true that our privileged classes would reprove such a vicious excess of their principle as slavery; but it is plainly not true, that the general triumph of slavery would not seem to them as dreadful as the general triumph of democracy. The willingness of the *Times* newspaper, at one time during this struggle, to defend slavery on scriptural grounds; the proclamation of a leading weekly journal, that the negro was now "found out," and proved unfit to be free; and the absence of any protest against Southern slavery by the friends of secession here,—are facts which have fewer off-sets than we could desire. It is true that these gentlemen have, with a degree of unfairness which only the proverbially wide allowance of war can excuse, brought forward everything, except slavery, as the cause and question of the American war; the traditions and convictions of our people made necessary so much stratagem; but there have not been wanting important avowals, which, whilst showing how

far reactionism has penetrated in certain directions, reveal also how universally the cause of the Americans of the North is recognized as being identified with humanity.

The Marquess of Lothian, starting out to prove that the civil war in America originated in difficulties arising from temperament, the manner of electing presidents, and above all, the tariff, is yet, at every step, forced to make admissions, which show that he knows the true nature of the conflict. He tells us (p. 8), in defending the Southerners from the charge of having provoked the war, that "all the provocation" came "from the Northern abolitionists." Again (p. 23), "The Southerners made sacrifices for the sake of the Union, at their own expense: the Northerners made theirs at the expense of the negro;" the inevitable deduction from which is that the South was continually making demands favourable to slavery, which the North conceded; the Marquess forgetting, in the eagerness of the thrust, that his sword is two-edged. And to complete the matter, the South is acknowledged (p. 83) to have become entirely identified with the institution: "what had been regarded as an unavoidable evil came to be regarded as a national palladium." But there is no shrinking on that score in the mind of the Marquess. He does not even affect to conceal his contempt for abolitionism. Speaking of New England, he describes it scornfully, as full of "Isms," as welcoming notions which the most visionary dreamers of Europe would reject, and then adds (p. 81) — "It could hardly have been expected, that in such a country the doctrine of abolitionism should have had no place." The tone of all this is unmistakable. We quote these sentences, not to reply to them, but as indicating that those who trust in oppression throughout the world, are no more deceived by all the outcries of the South about "independence," than are those workmen of the North, who think that any true theory of independence would at once have shown its genuineness by striking off the chains of its own forging. The magnitude and depth of the American struggle is thus clearly disclosed; and if the Pope, the Emperor of the French, and the class in England represented by the Marquess of Lothian, instinctively recognized their friends in the slaveholder and planter, the people of Europe have only additional reasons to feel in the striking down of that workman, who — having fulfilled the conditions of superiority, was supported by the people of the United States as their president, in

the name of liberty and equality — a blow aimed at their own hearts, and at every hope that is leading them onward and upward.

The Confederates have appealed to the world for sympathy as revolutionists for their independence, and have been never weary of comparing the attitude of the North to that of George III. toward the American colonies in former times. Undoubtedly the civil war was one stage of a revolution, nor is it wonderful that, for the moment, the secession movement gained the applause which the world is not slow in yielding to those who strike for liberty, especially if they strike pluckily, as the Southerners certainly did. But this claim could not stand the test of the sober second thought which has followed that almost critical familiarity with the antecedents and conditions of the struggle, which mankind soon reached as one of the results of the war itself. It became sufficiently plain, that George III. in this case was the evil institution of the South, which that king did so much to foster, and which came at last to be a more formidable despot to America than any king could have been; and the real revolutionists, those who inaugurated and resolutely sustained that anti-slavery revolution, which was meant to be peaceful, but which the Southerners forced to become violent. The Southern movement was thus only a rebellion against a revolution — and that a revolution for liberty and justice. To illustrate this fact, and to trace this new American revolution from its faint beginnings to its present condition and prospect, is our purpose in this article.

In the first volume of Mr. Greeley's History, we have traced, with wonderful clearness and force, by one who has been intimately associated with the political struggles which preceded the war for at least a quarter of a century, the chain of causes which are consummated in the present state of affairs. The essence of every important document from the formation of the Government, and the practical bearing of every event, are succinctly stated; and if we may admire the industry which has enabled the editor of the leading daily newspaper in America to do this at such a time, we may still more admire the spirit of fairness and directness, which are the chief characteristics of his very valuable work. None who read it can wonder at the almost unexampled favour with which it has been received. This volume ends at a point immediately preceding the Peninsular Campaign of General McClellan, in Virginia. Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher, looking at the whole matter with the eye of a sol-

dier, passes impatiently and blunderingly over the causes of the war, which he deals with in a preliminary chapter, and carries his review of the course of military events down to the time of the advance of McClellan to the Chickahominy, and immediately preceding the disastrous battles before Richmond, which led to the inglorious retirement and ultimate downfall of that commander. Next to Mr. Greeley's work, the *Political History*, by the Clerk of the House of Representatives, must be regarded as the most valuable repository for the future historian. It includes in one volume a classified summary of all important public documents, and of legislation, in both the Washington and Richmond Capitals, from November, 1860, to July, 1864. These works, therefore, enable us to comprehend the parallel military and political events and forces which between them have already formed a characteristic portion of the American epoch, which they promise to consummate.

The construction of a government for the colonies, which had declared and maintained their independence of England, began under a natural reaction. Washington, in a letter to Henry Laurens (July 10, 1782) wrote: "That spirit of freedom, which, at the commencement of this contest, would have gladly sacrificed everything to the attainment of its object, has long since subsided, and every selfish passion has taken its place. It is not the public but private interest which influences the generality of mankind, nor can the Americans any longer boast of an exception." This was, as we have said, natural; the ravages of war, and the debt created by it, must make trade paramount, and under that and the vices which follow in the train of war, the fiery lava of revolution must cool down and harden into the provisions of self-interest and the enactments of economy. A late conservative orator of New England sneered at the Declaration of Independence as "the passionate manifesto of a revolutionary war," and appealed from its "glittering generalities" to the wary "compromises of the Constitution;" it has only been amid the fires of another revolution that those glittering generalities have been revealed as, to use Mr. Emerson's phrase, "blazing ubiquities." The great motives which prevailed to bring about the Convention of 1787, whose object was to supersede the loose articles of confederation and establish "a more perfect Union," were apparently the greater security of all economic interests, and a more complete combination against any attempt at a recovery of the States on the part of England.

At this time, Massachusetts was the only State that held no slaves. By the census of 1790, there was a population in America of a little over 3,000,000, of which nearly 700,000 were slaves, whose relative distribution is shown in the following summary, taken from the same census:—

North.	
New Hampshire	158
Vermont	17
Rhode Island	952
Connecticut	2,759
Massachusetts	None
New York	21,324
New Jersey	11,423
Pennsylvania	3,737
Total.	40,370

South.	
Delaware	8,887
Maryland	103,036
Virginia	293,426
North Carolina	100,571
South Carolina	107,093
Georgia	29,264
Kentucky	11,830
Tennessee	3,817
Total.	657,527

There is ample proof that slavery was never a source of wealth in the Northern States and that the possession of slaves was rather coveted as an aristocratic distinction. Bancroft has also shown that the Northern slaves were carefully protected under the same roof with the master and his family. There were, indeed, many points in which their condition might be compared to that of the *clients* of ancient Rome. In the South, their treatment was already characterized by those cruelties and degradations which elicited the strong denunciations of the system which are to be found in the works of Jefferson, Washington, and other eminent men who lived in the South. There seems, however, to have been a concurrent testimony as to the evil of the institution, and an implied agreement that each State should, more or less gradually, abolish it. The Northern States were busily engaged in this work of Emancipation at the time of the formation of the Constitution. Vermont framed a State Constitution in 1777, and embodied it in a Bill of Rights, whereof the first article precluded slavery. Massachusetts framed her Constitution in 1780, containing a Declaration of Rights, almost a

paraphrase of the Declaration of Independence, which was held by the Supreme Court of that State, on the first case that arose, to have abolished slavery entirely. In like manner, New Hampshire was held to have abolished slavery by her Constitution, framed in 1783. Pennsylvania passed an Act, March 1, 1780, by which all persons born in that State after that day were to be free at the age of 28. Rhode Island provided that all persons born after March, 1784, should be free. Connecticut, in 1784, passed an Act of Gradual Emancipation. New York provided for gradual emancipation in 1799. In 1817 another Act was passed, providing that there should be no slavery in that State after July 4, 1827, an act by which 10,000 slaves were at once liberated. New Jersey passed an Act in 1804, designed to put an end to slavery, which was so slow, however, in its action that even so late as 1840 the census reported 674 slaves as still in that State. Nearly all of these Acts of Emancipation are accompanied by the prohibition, under severe penalties, of the exportation of slaves. This is a sufficient reply to that slander of the Northern States which declares that they "sold their slaves South, and then abolished slavery." This statement—for which not a shadow of authority has been ever adduced—is made by the Marquess of Lothian concerning Massachusetts:—

"At the time of the Convention (i. e. of 1787) slavery was not the distinguishing mark between North and South, for the Northern States had slaves just as much as their Southern neighbours had.* There was one exception, and only one. Massachusetts had no slaves. That canny State had come to the perfectly correct conclusion that in her climate slave labour was unprofitable, and that her negroes were an inconvenience. So she had got rid of the 'peculiar institution' by converting them from slaves into. . . freemen? No; into cash."

He elsewhere says: "The first American ship that ever took part in this [slave] traffic sailed from the port of Boston." Though the fame of Massachusetts does not require a vindication from these charges, the recklessness of such a statement, made by a member of the English nobility, merits the severe reproof which a statement of the simple facts will best administer. At a time (1645) when the conscience of the world was as yet asleep so far as the slave-trade was concerned, though one or two Popes

had denounced it, a ship of one Thomas Keyser and one James Smith, sailed "for Guinea to trade for negroes." At once throughout Massachusetts a cry was raised against the two men as malefactors and murderers; Richard Saltonstall, a magistrate, denounced the act as "expressly contrary to the law of God and the law of the country;" the guilty men were committed for the offence; and after advice with the elders, the representatives of the people, bearing "witness against the heinous crime of man-stealing," ordered the negroes to be restored at the public charge "to their native country, with a letter expressing the indignation of the General Court" at their wrongs.* So much for the justice of the fling at Massachusetts as leading in the colonial slave-trade. As to the other charge, although the Puritans had for a time consented to the authority of British law, which held that *pagans* might be enslaved, we find that so early as 1701 the agitation for emancipation was begun by the instruction given by the town of Boston to its representatives "to put a period to negroes being slaves." In 1780 the slaves were all declared by the Superior Court to be free, without any delay or warning, which would have enabled the few remaining slave-holders to sell their slaves. It is this State—with its proud eminence of having been the first to deal justly, upon moral and religious grounds, with slavery—that is singled out by a British nobleman for denunciation!

The Acts of Emancipation passed by the Legislatures of Northern States, before and after the adoption of the Constitution in 1787, did but express what was understood to be the general sentiment of both North and South, though the South seemed reluctant to convert this sentiment into practical measures. When the convention met to frame the Constitution, slavery inevitably came under its consideration, and it was found that the Southern States had become very deeply involved in the institution, and were determined to demand the utmost indulgence for that which no one was ready to justify. The delegates from South Carolina and Georgia came fully prepared to use the menace of disunion, as a lash over the convention, to secure advantages for slavery; and when the matter came up first, upon the proposition to prohibit the slave-trade, they placed before the convention the alternatives: "No slave-trade—no union." They thus secured the compromise, that the trade should not be prohibited until the

* Compare the statistics of slavery in 1790, quoted above, with this statement of the Marquess.

* See Bancroft's "History of the United States," vol. i. p. 132.

year 1808. By similar means, and with less discussion, they secured the compromise that the basis of representation in Congress should be the entire free population of each State, and "three-fifths of all other persons," — persons being held to mean *slaves* — a measure which secured a preponderance of Southern representation. To this they succeeded in adding a clause providing that "persons bound to service or labour in any of the United States, escaping into other States, should not thereby be considered discharged from such service or labour, but should be delivered up to the person claiming the same," which was proposed by Mr. Butler, of South Carolina. It will be observed that, whilst these advantages were given to slavery, the terms *slave* and *slavery* were decorously excluded from the Constitution: this was, according to Mr. Madison, "because they did not choose to admit the right of property in man." It was plain that the framers of the Constitution believed that the institution of slavery was dying out of the land, and that, though they might consent to humour it by certain indulgences, these must all terminate in 1808, when slavery, deprived of the traffic which fed it, would perish, and not a dead letter remain in the Constitution to be its epitaph. Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that these compromises were agreed to without much opposition. Nothing could have reconciled the people of the North to them, but the great and substantial advantage of which they had been the high price. *That advantage had been the establishment of a firm national union with supreme powers.* They consented to enter this narrow gate and straitened way only because they saw, or thought they saw, the spacious halls of liberty and justice in the distance. They knew that, in consenting to that constitution, the Southern States had created a new and sovereign power, which would gradually abolish their own evil institution — for there was a power of self-amendment, by a majority of three-fourths of the States, which would enable it to grow with the growing world. It is a sufficient proof of the absurdity of any theory of secession, that, when this constitution was returned to the several States for ratification, it was met furiously by the entire state-sovereignty party, on the one ground that it demanded the surrender of its sovereignty by each State. No one, at that time, urged that it was an agreement from which any State might withdraw at will. Said Patrick Henry, in the ratifying convention of Virginia, "That this is a consolidated government is demonstrably clear;

and the danger of such a government is, to my mind, very striking." He is met by no denial; but, on the contrary, the president of the convention which framed the Constitution — George Washington — declares that the purpose of that instrument was "the consolidation of our union." In fine, the bitter and long struggles which occurred in various States where the Constitution met with opposition, are inexplicable on any supposition that those States were only called upon to sign a bond from which they might break away at pleasure. Even Mr. Calhoun, in a "Declaration of Principles for South Carolina," drawn up by him in 1828, is forced to admit that his State had, by ratifying the Federal Constitution, "modified its original right of sovereignty, whereby its individual consent was necessary to any change in its political condition, and, by becoming a member of the Union, had placed that power in the hands of three-fourths of the States, in whom the highest power known to the Constitution actually resides."

This, then, was the force of the compact into which the States had entered. Slavery clutched the strength of the hour. Freedom relied on the justice of the age. The South obtained advantages for slavery as long as it should exist, but no security for the continuation of that existence: the North accepted the grub actual, with the golden wings implied. This compromise was not quite noble on the part of the North, although it was natural that it should not fear an institution which all the physicians of State pronounced to be on its death-bed. Bitterly must they atone for it. Two events were to give slavery a new and most unexpected lease of life. The first of these was the invention of the cotton-gin, by Eli Whitney. Whitney was a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Yale College, Connecticut, who, in his 27th year, was employed as a tutor in a private family in Georgia. Hearing some gentlemen complain of the depressed state of agriculture in the South, and the impossibility of profitably extending the culture of the green-seed cotton, because of the trouble and expense of separating the seed from the fibre, young Whitney was led to make those efforts at remedying this difficulty, which resulted in the cotton-gin. Hargreaves had invented the spinning-jenny in 1764; Arkwright, the machine for making fine cotton-thread, in 1768; Watt had patented his improvement for obtaining a rotatory motion by his steam-engine in 1782; and all of these stood ready to

re-enforce the cotton-gin when it was invented, in 1795. In 1784 eight bags of cotton shipped to England were seized at the Custom House as fraudulently entered—"cotton not being a production of the United States." Even in 1790 the export was returned as eighty-one bags. But under the influences mentioned the supply at once doubled, then quadrupled itself, until it rose to the million bales of 1830, and the five millions of 1860. "Under this dispensation," says Mr. Greeley, "the prices of slaves necessarily and rapidly advanced, until it was roughly computed that each average field-hand was worth so many hundred dollars, as cotton commanded cents per pound. That is, when cotton was worth ten cents per pound, field-hands were worth a thousand dollars each; with cotton at twelve cents they were worth twelve hundred; and when it rose, as it sometimes did even in later days, to fifteen cents per pound for a fair article of middling Orleans, a stout negro, from 17 to 30 years old, with no particular skill but that necessarily acquired in the rude experience of farm labour anywhere, would often bring fifteen hundred dollars on a New-Orleans auction-block." But another event exercised a vast influence in the rehabilitation of slavery, namely, the purchase of Louisiana from France, by President Jefferson, in 1803. By \$12,000,000 paid France, and \$4,000,000 paid its own citizens, in satisfaction of claims against France, the United States became unquestionable owner of the entire Valley of the Mississippi. Mr. Jefferson freely acknowledged that he had overridden the Constitution in making this purchase, but relied for justification before the country upon the greatness of the interests secured. The great influence which would be exerted by this purchase toward increasing the power and perpetuating the existence of slavery seems to have been suspected by no one. The antecedents of Louisiana, under both Spanish and French rule, had been slaveholding; and when it became a portion of the United States, the great south-western emigration carried slavery deep into the heart of the continent. The Treaty of Cession would, indeed, on a fair construction, have secured the liberty of all in Louisiana, but Napoleon, fresh from the murder of Toussaint, and just baffled in his attempt to re-enslave the negroes of Hayti, was not the one to care about the destiny of the negro in the ceded territory. The reception of this State, occurring only a little before the legal discontinuance of the slave-trade (1808),

opened a vast market for slaves in the more northern slave States. The coast of Guinea was simply transferred to Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky. The negro infant was worth \$100 at birth. In fact, not to go further into this most loathsome and distinctive aspect of American slavery, slave-breeding for purposes of traffic, became a systematic thing in those border States. Under a seemingly humane opposition to the African slave-trade, they sheltered the infernal traffic, and in the war which seems to have singled out the regions where human beings were bred for merchandise for especial devastations, we find only reason to recognize the track of implacable Justice which still, with wheel and rudder, pursues wrong by land and sea.

This resuscitation of slavery was followed by a general corruption of the mercantile classes throughout the United States. The Northern manufacturer, and the warehouse man, were partners with the planter in one firm. Slavery had "managed to clutch one of the most important of the world's purse-strings, and thenceforth there arose a party rich enough to buy for it a science, a literature, and a gospel. Then slavery leapt from its death-bed, provided its feast, and was received into good society; it sat in its judicial seats, with the ermine on its brow; it sat in the President's chair; it entered the pulpit, and for it the Bible was clasped with handcuffs, and the very Cross of Christ festooned with chains."* The North had its long list of political leaders, who, one by one, deserted the principles of freedom at the demand of slavery. Alluding to the bold declaration of a Georgian congressman, that he would one day call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, Mr. Wendell Phillips said, with bitter truth:—"Robert Toombs has already fulfilled his promise, to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. He calls them to-day:—'Daniel Webster—*Here!* Rufus Choate—*Here!* Edward Everett—*Here!* Robert Winthrop—*Here!*'"

"Against this frightful usurpation," says the work just quoted, "the anti-slavery men, though few and often faint, inaugurated a revolution. Spared at first, because of their insignificance, they at length, through much suffering, raised their cause to a sufficient equality with slavery to bring on those tempests which, as Lord Bacon says, may, in the calendars of States, be looked for when things come to an equality, as in the natural world they attend the

* "Testimonies concerning Slavery," p. 137.

equinoctia." It is now our purpose to give some account of this moral revolution, whose aim was justice, and whose method was peaceful argument, up to the time when it was forced, by the mad resistance of the South, to record its triumph in blood.

The pioneer of the anti-slavery agitation in America was a devout Quaker, named Benjamin Lundy. Leaving his father's humble home at the age of nineteen, he wandered, about the year 1808, to Wheeling, Virginia, where, during the next four years, he learned the trade of a saddler, and observed the cruelties of slavery. He settled in St. Clairsville, Ohio, afterwards, and in 1815 organized the first anti-slavery society of America, which was called "The Union Humane Society;" and, beginning with five or six members, who met at his own house, within a few months numbered four or five hundred. Some two years after this, the first anti-slavery journal of the States was published at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, by Charles Osborne, Lundy being the chief writer in it: it was called *The Philanthropist*. We next find Osborne editing *The Emancipator*, in Tennessee, and Lundy *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, in Ohio. This latter paper was printed at Steubenville, twenty miles distant from Mount Pleasant, where it was published, and Lundy each week walked that distance to bring back the edition on his back. Afterwards the two papers were united and edited, in Tennessee, by Lundy. In 1823-4 the first American Convention for the abolition of slavery was held in Philadelphia, and Lundy, who was a weak man physically, and very poor, walked all the way (600 miles) and back to attend it. He then resolved to print his paper at Baltimore; and (1824) started out from Tennessee on foot, knapsack on back, for that city. On his way he paused at a Friends' Meeting House, in a pleasant grove, at Deep Creek, North Carolina, and was there moved to give his first public address against slavery. The Friends received his address kindly, and formed then and there an anti-slavery society. Encouraged by this, he went about in that State, speaking to the people, now at a house-raising, then at a militia muster, and was instrumental in forming fourteen anti-slavery societies. He then passed into Virginia, where he met with less success. From this time forward Lundy devoted his life to enlisting writers and speakers throughout the country in the cause he had espoused. Of course, he met with the usual number of mobs, assaults, etc., which, however, in the

anti-slavery movement, are too normal and numerous to be specifically referred to. He died in 1839, when was closed, as Mr. Greeley well says, "the record of one of the most heroic, devoted, unselfish, courageous lives that was ever lived on this continent."

Amongst those whom Lundy had met in his travels throughout the country was a journeyman printer, who had become an editor, and whom he persuaded to go with him (1829) to help edit the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, at Baltimore. This was William Lloyd Garrison, who was then about twenty-four years of age. Having, in the paper at Baltimore, denounced the coastwise slave-trade between that city and New Orleans, and stigmatized certain persons connected with it, he was indicted for "a gross and malicious libel," and, unable to pay the \$50 fine imposed, was cast into prison, where he passed forty-nine days, being released at last, by the payment of the fine and costs, by Arthur Tappan, a wealthy merchant of New York. After this, having met with violence in Baltimore, Garrison repaired to Boston, where the first number of the *Liberator* appeared, January 1, 1830. The paper was very radical. Its motto was, "Our country is the world—our countrymen all mankind." Somewhat later it adopted the motto, "No Union With Slaveholders." It also declared, "The (Federal) Constitution is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." The "Garrisonians," as they were distinctively called, refused to vote or hold office, and honestly believed that it was a plain duty to dissolve, by the constitutional method of a convention of states, the compact which permitted slavery. Of course, there were few who could go these lengths. Mr. Greeley enumerates the anti-slavery classes as follows:—

"A very few years, dating from 1832-3, when the New England and American Anti-Slavery Society were formed respectively, sufficed to segregate the American opponents of slavery into four general divisions, as follows: 1.—The Garrisonians aforesaid. 2.—The members of the 'Liberty party,' who, regarding the Federal Constitution as essentially anti-slavery, swore with good conscience to uphold it, and supported candidates who were distinctively, determinedly, pre-eminently champions of 'Liberty for all.' 3.—Various small sects and parties, which occupied a middle ground between the above positions; some of the sects agreeing with the latter in interpreting and revering the Bible as consistently anti-slavery, while refusing with the former to vote. 4.—A large and steadily increasing class who,

though decidedly anti-slavery, refused either to withhold their votes or to throw them away on candidates whose election was impossible, but persisted in voting, at nearly every election, so as to effect good and prevent evil to the extent of their power."

This division of the anti-slavery movement into, as it were, various fingers, gave it greater power; every ingenuity of the defence of slavery was met. The anti-slavery men had little idea beforehand of the general corruption which slavery had superinduced, or of the obstinacy with which every link of the negro's chain was to be defended. The battle assumed a threefold character—ecclesiastical, popular, and political—of each of which we may give a brief account.

The only religious connexion which seems to have preserved a satisfactory record under this touchstone of practical morality is that of the Quakers. In 1696 the Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia had admonished Friends against "bringing in any more negroes." In 1754 a minute against the slave-trade was entered, and those of the society who owned slaves were urged to take care for their morals and treat them humanely. In 1774 the Friends directed that all engaging in the slave-trade should be "disowned;" and in 1776 this sentence was extended to the owners of slaves. In 1783 it was shown that there was no case of slaveholding in the Quaker body in America. The Presbyterians, old and new school, the Baptists, Methodists, and minor sects, were much divided on the subject; for a time they seemed to be able to pass resolutions against slavery in the abstract, but gradually were more or less completely conquered by their Southern memberships,—only the Methodists having had vitality enough to be divided into Northern and Southern divisions upon the question of permitting a Bishop to hold slaves. The Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches boldly maintained, and do to this day, that slaveholding is no sin at all. These churches, by a vast majority, and with great bitterness, denounced the abolitionists as agitators, schismatics, and infidels. The biblical justification of slavery was much dwelt upon. Accordingly the abolitionists denounced the churches very cordially, and it is certain that the growth of abolitionism has been attended by a gradual weakening of the influences of all churches. The Unitarians, next to the Quakers, seem to have acted with more zeal in behalf of the negroes; and Dr. Channing, who did such brave service, was followed by many faithful and ear-

nest anti-slavery preachers. This body was so associated, indeed, with the movement against slavery, that only three or four Unitarian societies ever existed in the South, and of these the majority were closed for some years before the Rebellion, because ministers could not be found willing to pledge themselves to silence concerning slavery. When Garrison, who seems to have been in some official standing in the Baptist Church, began his exhortations against slavery in Boston, every church was closed against him, and he began speaking in the open air, on Boston Common. Finally, the infidels opened to him the hall in which they held their meetings. Although, of course, there has been a gradual improvement in the tone of the churches, they nevertheless have generally been dragged after leaders who were laymen, and we find, in association with the earlier reformers, no ministers more orthodox than Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker.

The social and popular resistance which the abolitionists had to encounter was terrible, and has left its traces in many deeds of mob violence. In the North, the movements, speeches, and writings of Garrison and his few friends, seem to have excited at first little if any attention; but slavery, with the keen sense of the savage, seems to have laid its ear close to the ground, and to have heard behind these insignificant "fanatics" the tramp of the hosts of a mighty revolution. Before the *Liberator* had been issued a year, and while its subscribers were yet only a few hundreds, the Legislature of Georgia passed an Act offering \$5,000 to whomsoever should bring to trial either of its editors. A requisition was sent to the Mayor of Boston, by a Southern magistrate, for the suppression of the *Liberator*; but the Mayor—evidently not half so farsighted as his Southern friends—returned answer that the paper in question, of which he had plainly never heard before, was not of a character to disturb Southern gentlemen,—that his officers had "ferreted out the paper and its editor, whose office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, his supporters a few insignificant persons of all colours." The Southerners, however, could not share this contempt of the anti-slavery agitators and their movement. The threat of disunion, which had been held over the Constitutional Convention with some success, was again resorted to. "We firmly believe," said the leading newspaper of Georgia (1833), "that if the Southern States do not quickly unite, and declare to the North, if the question of

slavery be longer discussed in any shape, they will instantly secede from the Union, that the question must be settled, and very soon, by the SWORD, as the only possible means of self-preservation;" and the *Richmond Whig* said, "The people of the North must go to hanging these fanatics, if they would not lose the benefit of the Southern trade, and they will do it Depend upon it, the Northern people will never sacrifice their present lucrative trade with the South, so long as the hanging of a few thousands will prevent it." In both Houses of the Legislature of Virginia (1836) it was "Resolved — That the non-slaveholding States of the Union are respectfully but earnestly requested promptly to adopt penal enactments, or such other measures as will effectually suppress all associations within their respective limits purporting to be, or having the character of, Abolition Societies." Our space will not allow us to trace the numerous and cruel mobs which assailed nearly every anti-slavery meeting, in consequence of these Southern threats, from 1833 to 1837. When the triumph of emancipation in the West Indies was secured, GEORGE THOMPSON went to America, to assist in the kindred struggle there. The interference of a "Briton," in what was held to be a domestic difference, roused the people to fury, and his presence was the invariable occasion of riot, until he was induced to return to England, as introducing a needless cause of exasperation. President Jackson, in his annual message (Dec. 2, 1835), did not hesitate to approve these violent manifestations. "It is fortunate for the country," said that message, "that the good sense, the generous feeling, and the deep-rooted attachment of the people of the non-slaveholding States to the Union, and to their fellow-citizens of the same blood in the South, have given so strong and impressive a tone to the sentiments entertained against the proceedings of the misguided persons who have engaged in these unconstitutional and wicked attempts, and especially against the emissaries from foreign parts, who have dared to interfere in this matter, as to authorise the hope that those attempts will no longer be persisted in." Vigorous efforts were made by Governors Edward Everett (of Massachusetts) and Marcy (of New York) to suppress freedom of speech concerning slavery in their States; but with no further results than some vague denunciations of "fanatics" by legislative committees. It was thus felt that Legislature could do nothing so subversive of the traditions of the North as would

alone satisfy the South, and the opponents of the abolitionists betook themselves to the further instigation of mob-violence. But history attests nothing more completely than that the interest which wields the weapon of violence seizes a sword by the blade, and, though it may bruise its adversary with the hilt, much more gashes its own hands. Men of fine powers and great wealth — as Hon. Gerritt Smith and Arthur Tappan — had their honourable feelings aroused by these persecutions, and took their places among the abolitionists; and it was at a meeting called in Boston, to consider the murder of Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois, by slaveholders from Missouri, that Wendell Phillips made his first speech for freedom, and began that career which, more than that of any other individual, has been the means of promoting the favourable reaction which has culminated in the abolition of slavery. To the inspiration which a great and just cause brought to its champions, opposition added the most needed condition of co-operation; the abolitionists became a compact minority, and wearied out the mobs. The disturbances became less bloody and less frequent, whilst the anti-slavery meetings commanded increasing attention by the accession of eloquent men, notably of the incomparable orator, Wendell Phillips. "Eloquence is cheap at the abolition meetings," said Emerson; and the crowds who attended them in later years confirmed the assertion of the philosopher. Nevertheless, the popular fury did not subside until many devoted men had sealed the cause of emancipation with their blood, and, alas, not until many Northern statesmen had made the unworthy sacrifice of their principles to the insolent demands of slavery.

It has often been asserted that the North was not strictly faithful to the original compact by which the Union was framed; but the truth is notoriously the reverse of this. It was, in fact, the patient determination of the North to fulfil that compact in the letter and spirit which made the leading abolitionists adopt their theory that the Union must be dissolved, an object, however, which they sought to reach through the peaceful formula of a convention of the people of all the States. But in the South the compact was repeatedly violated in the interest of slavery. It has been already stated that President Jefferson purchased the great south-western territory of Orleans from Bonaparte, which was cut up into slave States, and that he openly acknowledged the unconstitutionality of that pur-

chase. At Charleston, South Carolina, July 29th, 1835, the United States' mails were rifled, and a large quantity of matter, supposed to be anti-slavery, burnt; President Jackson's Post-Master General accepting such action in the following words:—

"By no act or direction of mine, official or private, could I be induced to aid, knowingly, in giving circulation to papers of this description, directly or indirectly. We owe an obligation to the laws, but a higher one to the communities in which we live; and, if the former be permitted to destroy the latter, it is patriotism to disregard them."

In the same year, South Carolina passed an act by which every coloured person found on board any vessel entering her ports was to be seized and lodged in jail; there to remain until the vessel was cleared for departure, when said coloured person or persons should be restored to said vessel, on payment of the cost and charges of arrest, detention, and subsistence. This act bore so heavily upon the vessels of Massachusetts, that this State resolved to institute legal proceedings in the United States District Court of South Carolina, to test the constitutionality of the act; and the Hon. Samuel Hoar was commissioned by the Governor of Massachusetts to go to South Carolina for that purpose; whereupon the Legislature of the latter State formally "resolved, that the emissary sent by the State of Massachusetts" should be compelled immediately to leave the State of South Carolina, and the authorities resolved themselves into a kind of mob, to drive out this eminent gentleman, who was accompanied by his daughter. How such an event was related to the Constitution may be judged by reference to Art. iv. § 2 of that instrument, which provides that "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States." The anti-slavery men of the North bore this patiently, and only raised another degree their determination to achieve that sublime revenge which the poet Whittier invoked on that occasion:

"Have they chained our free-born men?
Let us unchain theirs."

The abolitionists were a class which any monarchy on the continent of Europe would have exiled. They had that perilous *novotia* outside of the Government which few Governments can permit. The short arm of the lever, with which they moved the country, was the Republican party. Mr. Sumner was related to Mr. Garrison, as Jules Favre to Ledru Rollin. The union

of the States was, from the first, threatened only by the insatiable hunger of slavery for fresh territory. It had already learned what an increase the pecuniary value of slaves, and of political power, ensued upon the opening of new territory to it, by its extension into Louisiana; and when Arkansas had been devoured, the hunger grew to lust. The first serious resistance it encountered was in the agitation which led to the adoption of the Missouri Compromise in 1820—the stormiest chapter in the political history of the United States. At that time, John Adams, in a letter to Thomas Jefferson (December 18th, 1819), said:—

"The Missouri question, I hope, will follow the other waves under the ship, and do no harm. I know it is high treason to express a doubt of the perpetual duration of our vast American empire, and our free institutions; and I say as devoutly as Father Paul *esto perpetua*: and [yet] I am sometimes Cassandra enough to dream that another Hamilton, another Burr, may rend this mighty fabric in twain, or perhaps into a leash; and a few more choice spirits of the same stamp might produce as many nations in North America as there are in Europe."

The threatened disaster was temporarily avoided by the adoption of the *Missouri Compromise*, so called, by which slavery was permitted in the great new State of Missouri, but prohibited in all that portion of the territory out of which it was carved, north of 36° 34'. It was hoped by the conservatives that the passage of this measure would for ever take the slavery-discussion out of the Houses of Congress, and, notwithstanding an infraction of it by the South,* it did manage to prevent any formidable conflict for full twenty years. The great pro-slavery reaction had prevailed over all the land, and the abolitionists could scarcely produce a sensation in Congress by sending in petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, etc., which were at first received with derision, and at length forbidden even to be read. This long political truce on the slavery issue was destined to be broken by another exasperation of slavery's accursed lust for empire. We need not repeat here that disgraceful history of the entrance of filibusters into Texas—originally through the generosity of Mexico

* In 1836 a considerable section of the territory beyond the original western boundary of Missouri was added to the State of Missouri, so quietly as not to attract attention. By this palpable violation of the Missouri Compromise, slaveholding Missouri acquired 3,026 square miles of rich land, cut up now into six counties, which contained, in 1860, 70,505 inhabitants, of whom 6,699 were slaves.

in bestowing grants of land upon them — the revolution of that territory by slaveholders, and its annexation in the interest of slavery. Against that measure Daniel Webster lifted his voice, in warning. The recklessness of slavery — its willingness to lie, rob, and murder, in order to reach its ends — were laid bare in that transaction more than in anything else. There was as yet, however, no Republican party, and, consequently, no adequate opposition to the annexation of Texas under the vigorous advocacy of "His Accidenty" * John Tyler. That virgin country, which the measure of universal emancipation, passed by Mexico some twenty years before, had protected, was helplessly bound, and soon became a prey to the Southern dragon. Nevertheless, out of this outrage came the compensation of a party which revealed the important fact that the abolition movement was now represented within the pale of the Constitution. The champions of slavery had some misgivings, when, in 1848, a Free-Soil Convention met at Buffalo, New York, and, resolving "That Congress had no more power to make a slave than to make a king; no more power to institute or establish slavery, than to institute or establish monarchy," presented the names of Van Buren and Adams as candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency: they had still greater misgivings when those candidates polled, out of the 2,872,056 votes cast, 291,342. When, soon after this Presidential campaign — in which Taylor and Fillmore were elected — the question of a Government for the territory of Oregon came up, freedom was conciliated by a defeat of the bill which would have given the best portion of it to slavery. Then came on the fierce conflict about California, which, having fulfilled the conditions of population, etc, requisite for the formation of a State, asked to be admitted with a free constitution into the Union. President Taylor, a moderate Whig, having died as suddenly and mysteriously as his predecessor Harrison, slavery found in Millard Fillmore a compliant tool; and though California had to be admitted as a free State, it was not without the addition of offsets for slavery, in the admission of slavery into Utah and New Mexico, and the passage of the odious

Fugitive Slave Bill, drafted by Mason, of Virginia, late Confederate Minister to England. The era of slave-hunting and kidnapping which followed this "Compromise of 1850," as it was called, was a terrible one for the negroes of the North. In the first year of its operation, more slaves were dragged from Northern refuges into bondage than in the sixty years preceding; but there was nothing that the warmest foe of slavery could have more ingeniously devised to produce a general disgust toward slavery in the Northern States. Hitherto slavery had been a distant evil, and its cruelties were declared to be mythic; but now its hideous form was seen dragging innocent men and women through the streets of Northern cities to enslave them, and there was a deep and wide revulsion of feeling. A most important anti-slavery reaction began. It did not make itself fully felt in the Presidential canvass of 1852, chiefly because it nominated, as candidates, two very radical men (Hale and Julian), and because the Whigs nominated men (Scott and Graham) who were, to a moderate degree, satisfactory to the opponents of slavery, and were more generally voted for, as being more likely to be successful. In this election Franklin Pierce was elected — a man of absolute servility to the slave-power. Under him slavery conceived the fatal design, to itself, of nationalizing its power. To this end it attacked that line which had been established by the Missouri Compromise and which, for over thirty years, had been a bulwark against its North-western encroachments. A bill to sweep away this limitation was, to use an American phrase, "engineered" through Congress, by S. A. Douglass. Immediately emigrants from the North and the South poured into Kansas, where the Bill decreed that the existence of slavery should depend upon the vote of settlers, and that territory soon became the theatre of a brutal civil war — slavery having determined to carry by force, and with the assistance of military aid from President Pierce, the polls which it was vain to try and carry by numbers. Free-state settlers were put to the sword; voters who would not vote for slavery were murdered; the villages of immigrants from the free States were burnt after their houses and churches had been plundered. Under this the tide of freedom advanced, and in 1856 the democratic (pro-slavery) candidate, James Buchanan, was confronted with an ominous array of 1,341,264 votes for the radical Republican, J. C. Fremont, against his 1,838,169 — many of which were notoriously fraudulent. Through the persist-

* John Tyler, of Virginia, who became President by the death of Harrison, in 1841, one month after the inauguration. Slavery secured the immediate annexation of Texas by the change; and though Mr. Tyler was popularly entitled "His Accidenty," there has always been, among intelligent Americans, a suspicion that his accession to power was not "accidental."

ence and bravery of the free State men, Kansas was brought in as a free State. Slavery did not forego, however, its dream of nationalizing itself. With the favour of its new Presidential tool, it betook itself to the Supreme Court, the judges of which were, with one exception, notoriously pro-slavery in their opinions, and a majority of them slaveholders. A fictitious case was made up, concerning an old negro of St. Louis, Missouri, named Dred Scott—who was made to bring suit for his freedom, on the ground that he had been taken by his master into territory made free by the Missouri Compromise—and the Supreme Court, through Chief Justice Taney, declared him still a slave. The Chief Justice went out of his way to declare that negroes “are not included, and were not intended to be included under the word ‘citizens’ in the Constitution, and can, therefore, claim none of the rights and privileges which that instrument provides for and secures to citizens of the United States;” also, that “they had, for more than a century before, been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior, that *they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect*; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit.” It was thus decided flatly that the Constitution carried slavery with it wherever it went; President Buchanan congratulated the country that the long agitation was settled; and slavery prepared to celebrate its victory by raising a new star to its flag, to be called Slavery.

In the midst of slavery’s festivities, however, about this time, there darted forth a hand of flame, which wrote on its walls some old sentiments from the Declaration of Independence, and warned it that there were some who, despite the decisions of the Supreme Court, still believed that “all men are born equal.” Captain John Brown, having stood and fought bravely in Kansas until he saw it a free State, appeared in the town of Harper’s Ferry, Virginia, with seventeen white and five black comrades, occupying the United States Arsenal, holding the town two days, all for the liberation of the slaves! So intense was the suspicion of greater armies behind, so fearful the excitement, that troops enough of the United States and of Virginia were poured into Harper’s Ferry, not only to capture these twenty-three, but to have encountered a fair-sized foreign invasion. When these rescuers were conquered, and the three or four

who were not killed at once were in Virginian dungeons, the Governor of the invaded State still preserved a large garrison for the gaol. The weakness of slavery had been made manifest. It is said that the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, a radical Republican representative, was sneeringly asked at the time, by a member from Virginia, “Well, Mr. Stevens, What do you think of John Brown?” “He is a fool, sir!” “Why, I thought you would call him a hero!” A fool sir! Think of the man going to capture the State of Virginia with *twenty-two* men. Why didn’t he take *thirty*? then he’d have *done* it!” The long trial; the hanging of Brown and his few surviving companions all wounded; the extended Congressional investigations; the drilling of militia throughout Virginia, and some other States,—all told that a terrible fear had seized upon slavery. “Virginians,” said Wendell Phillips, “did not tremble at an old gray-headed man at Harper’s Ferry; they trembled at a John Brown in every man’s conscience.” The heroism with which John Brown hurled himself against slavery, to free the slave, deeply affected the nation; and the “Southern chivalry” lost any remnant of *prestige*, it might have had when he was hung.

Among the papers of the late Theodore Parker was found a letter, written from Canada, where his expedition was planned by John Brown, in which he said: “I expect to achieve a great victory, even though it be like the last victory of Sampson.” The death of this great man did indeed produce a remarkable effect. For the months that he lay in prison, previous to his execution, his conversations, appeals, etc., on the subject of slavery, were reported in all the newspapers of the nation, and were repeated in pulpits and from platforms. For some months he preached from every pulpit and edited every paper. His fortitude and heroism won applause from his enemies, and the Governor of Virginia, under whom he was executed, said, “He is firm, truthful, intelligent—the gamest man I ever saw.” That slavery had only a scaffold for qualities like these, was not without its lesson for the North. When his body was borne home for burial, it was followed by the friends of freedom, who mourned for him as a martyr. On the South the effect of his “raid,” as they called it, was no less noteworthy. For the first time, the intensity and determination of the enemies of slavery was revealed to them, and they scented the battle from afar. John B. Floyd, of Virginia, was at that time Secretary of War, and,

as is now known, he began at once to send arms from Arsenals of the United States to the South.* It is certain that the Southern leaders had fully determined upon secession, and only awaited the appearance of some occasion which would enable them to "fire the Southern heart" and unite their states in the movement.

How often does the field of compromise prove the field of battle! When, thirty years before, the North and the South agreed upon a line in the Missouri territory, on either side of which slavery and freedom should rest and be thankful, they ignored the fact that their line pierced through the heart of humanity. Slavery, with its insatiable lust of territory, with its ambition for nationalism, with its new Dred Scott decision in its hand, did, with a madness which an old Hebrew prophet would have attributed to a divinely-ordered temptation of the devil, sweep away that line. The result was, that the whole subject of slavery extension was brought up again for decision before the people. The anti-extensionists put forward Abraham Lincoln as their candidate. He was selected because, whilst a man of Southern birth, and therefore not liable to the charge of sectional unfriendliness to the South, he was a thoroughly-convinced champion of non-extension, who had surrendered political prospects for his principles, and was an honest man. No man had ever uttered before the American people the issue before them more simply and thoroughly. He showed that the admission of slavery into new territories was virtually the enslavement of men. "It means," he said, "that if A wishes to make B a slave, C has no right to interfere." But he also represented something more important —

Mr. E. A. Pollard, sometime editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, who was in public employment at Washington throughout the administration of Buchanan, says, in his "Southern History of the war:" "It has been supposed that the Southern people, poor in manufactures as they were, and in the haste for the mighty contest that was to ensue, would find themselves but ill provided with arms to contend with an enemy rich in the means and munitions of war. This advantage had been provided against by the timely act of one man. Mr. Floyd of Virginia, when Secretary of War, under Mr. Buchanan's administration, had by a single order, effected the transfer of 115,000 improved muskets and rifles from the Springfield (Massachusetts) Armoury, and Watervliet Arsenal to different arsenals at the South." The same officer had, by a similar "timely" act; placed at the head of the United States forces, sent ostensibly to protect the Texan frontier from Indians, one whom he knew would throw them all into the hands of the South in case of collision; nor did General Twiggs betray his confidence. When Texas seceded he turned over to General Ben McCulloch his entire army, and all the fortifications, horses, &c., which he held; an act by which the United States lost one-half of its army, and over two million dollars' worth of military property.

namely, the resolution of the Northern people that there should be no more delusive compromises on this subject, but that it should be at once and for ever settled. He acknowledged also, boldly, that this would be a blow at the life of slavery itself.

"We are now," said Mr. Lincoln (1858), "far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this Government cannot permanently endure half slave, and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved — I do not expect the house to fall — but I *do* expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

In the spring of 1860 the various parties held conventions to organize their forces, declare their principles, and nominate candidates for the approaching presidential campaign. The Republicans met at Chicago, Illinois, and, with a declaration of broad anti-slavery and anti-extension principles, nominated Mr. Lincoln. In April the pro-slavery party, which in America calls itself the Democracy, met at Charleston, South Carolina, and was at once thrown into contention by the determination of the extreme Southerners to contend for the principle of the Dred Scott decision, that slavery already existed in the territories, because the Constitution carried slavery with it wherever it went, and that the territorial legislatures had no more right to prohibit slavery in them than Congress. The Northern wing declared that such a principle would be suicidal in the North; that they could not go before the people on such an issue, and warned the Southerners that if they did not concede the principle of the bill which abolished the Missouri Compromise, that the people of the territories must decide for themselves the existence or non-existence of slavery among them, the election of a Republican President was almost certain. Neither party did or could yield, and the result was a split, the Southern wing nominating Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, and the other

Mr. Douglass, of Illinois. It was sufficiently evident that the Southern leaders intended the inevitable result of this decision — the election of a Republican President — on the ground stated at the time by its Washington organ, that "if Lincoln triumphs the result cannot fail to be a South united in her own defence — the only key to a full and, we sincerely believe, a peaceful and happy solution of the political problem of the slavery question."

Confident that the alarm of the planters at the triumph of the policy of restriction, which would girdle slavery, and the humiliation of the proud Virginians and Carolinians at the election of an anti-slavery President, would secure a united movement throughout the South for secession; knowing that there was a strong conviction in the minds of many earnest Northern men that their complicity with slavery should end, though it cost the Union; aware that, during its long possession of the general government, slavery had been able, secretly, to disarm the North and arm the South, so that resistance would be at once seen to be futile, the Southern leaders looked forward with a delight which, in South Carolina, expressed itself in toasts to the success of the Republican candidate in the coming election as the signal for the formation of a grand Southern empire, with slavery for its corner-stone, a solution fondly believed to prove "peaceful and happy."

To the long head and the stout heart of Abraham Lincoln, humanity owes that the earth is not at this moment cursed with such an empire. Nothing was easier than for a weak president to have demoralized the North at that moment. The majority were already calling for a compromise, and the anti-slavery men, fearing another compromise above all else, were showing what great advantages there would be in parting with the South. The leading men, and pulpits, and presses, were against the coercion of the South. But Abraham Lincoln understood the heart and power of the American people better. To all these voices he said — No; this Union is to be preserved, and that not by any compromise! With surprise and pain the country heard this; but when the South fired upon the flag of Fort Sumter, the nation rose up "with the war-cry of the first revolution on its lips."

The Anti-Slavery Revolution had encountered, with what success we have seen, the social, the religious, and the political forces which had opposed it; by a long and weary path it had now reached its final ordeal — War.

When it became evident that there was to be a civil war, the advantages seemed so clearly to be on the side of the North that the movement of the South excited surprise and contempt throughout the world. According to the census of 1860, the population of the free States and Territories was 19,128,143; and that of the slave States, including the District of Columbia, 12,315,372. All the free States adhered to the Union, whilst of the slave States four, having an aggregate population of 3,137,282, did not unite with the movement for secession. The population of the States which declared themselves actually in revolt was 9,103,014; but of these, 3,520,902* were slaves, who, it was generally predicted, would certainly take the occasion of war to gain their freedom by insurrection. In manufactures, commerce, shipping, and general wealth, the preponderance on the side of the Union was vast. The columns of the *Times* newspaper of that date show sufficiently the popular incredulity in this country of the ability of the South to maintain itself; whilst in the Northern States of America the same confidence uttered itself in "ninety-day" prophecies, and in some sad mistakes.

The fact was, that in the beginning of the war there was a substantial balance of advantages in favour of the South. In the first place, the Government of the United States had long been in the hands of the South. For four years the rebel chief had been Secretary of War, and had resigned that office only to be followed by Mr. Floyd, of Virginia. Not only did both of these carry on, through several years, the process of disarming the North and arming the South — another official, at the same time, scattering the navy to the ends of the earth, — but these men were personally acquainted with the officers of the army and navy, knew whom they might trust, and how others might be purchased. The secession movement was at once followed by a sweeping surrender of garrisons, forts, forces, and munitions — only one or two generals — as at Sumter — making a feeble resistance, and others — as at Norfolk — showing utter imbecility. In the second place the Washington Government had so long been administered in the interest of slavery, that the departments were full of disloyal persons, who, maintaining their positions by loud professions of devotion to the Union, conveyed every kind of military intelligence to the enemy. General Robert Lee had

* The number of slaves in the United States, by census 1860, was 3,953,524.

been for many years on the staff of the Lieutenant General-in-Chief of the United States, and remained long enough, before resigning, to possess himself of whatever plans or ideas his superior in rank had. It was fully ascertained by Federal prisoners, after the battle of Bull Run, and boasted of by the Confederates, that nothing belonging to the plans of Lieutenant-General Scott was unknown to the camp of the secessionists. In the third place, slavery was in itself a military training to the South. It implied constant patrols, familiarity with violence, a paucity of railroads, and other internal improvements, which made every Southerner a horseman, and vast primeval woods, with abundance of game, making each a good marksman. The conditions of Northern society were precisely opposite to these. Military ambition, cultivated in the South, was despised in the North, and for many years the leading military positions and officers of the country were filled by Southerners, who, on the breaking out of the war, generally went South. General Scott himself was a Virginian, who was originally in favour of letting the "wayward sisters depart," and always half-hearted in the war. The North was at first not only without arms, but was forced to fall back upon civilian generals. In the fourth place, there was a large and powerful party of pro-Southern and pro-slavery men in the North, who were in full sympathy with the South, and who continually prevented the Government from taking any step which would have made slavery a weakness to the South, as encouraging the slaves to escape. The four slave States which still held to the Union had only a loyalty conditioned on the careful preservation of slavery, so that they impeded its movements more than helped them. They were for a long time influential in securing such a policy of rendition and repression toward the slaves as to prevent any accession of them to the Northern lines, and sealed up what might have been the most important source of information to the North. Consequently, in the fifth place, the negroes, remaining as usual at work upon the farms and plantations, proved the chief military strength of the South. Whilst every Northern soldier who enlisted was missed as a labourer at home, the negro at the South, working upon the farm, enabled the South to make the widest draft upon its white population. The negro-women worked in the fields as well as the men, and these labourers were supported upon one-third as much as a white labourer or citizen at the North

would require; thus making, in addition to the advantages above indicated, the mere numbers of the South far more nearly equal than would appear from the figures of the census.

Whilst Jefferson Davis showed from the first his long familiarity with the conditions under which the war was to be fought, Mr. Lincoln gave unmistakable evidence that in his long seclusion at Springfield, he, had gained no means of gauging the forces which were about to work in the impending conflict. His first call, for 75,000 men to serve three months, was the result of a fearful mismeasurement of the Southern movement and resources, and was responded to by his enemy with derision. The terrible disaster which resulted from all this, opened the eyes of the Government, in a great measure, to the difficulty and extent of the task before it. As the Americans have raised the highest monument of the first Revolution on the spot—Bunker Hill—where they were defeated, so they may well build one at Bull Run, as the spot where a fearful defeat and humiliation taught their Government the necessity of putting forth its greatest energies. It was followed by a call for 500,000 volunteers to serve for three years. Arrests of the openly disloyal at the North were made. Large sums were voted by the Congress for the prosecution of the war. Nevertheless, the Government was not ready to take the step which alone could have prevented this force from being wasted. The battle of Bull Run had been lost, through the failure of General Patterson to engage the Confederate, General Johnston; and no explanation of this suspicious conduct having been given, the abolitionists very naturally reminded the Government that General Patterson was so earnestly pro-slavery that, when Fort Sumter was fired upon, he (General Patterson) had only exhorted the United States' flag when forced to do so, by a mob in Philadelphia. But the President had determined that the relation of States or individuals to slavery should not be made a test of loyalty—declaring that he held the man to be loyal who was willing to shoot and be shot for his country—and although Patterson was superseded, a hundred Pattersons remained to cripple the North in the field. Amongst the generals of this character was, notably, General McClellan. This general began his career in West Virginia, by a proclamation levelled not at the rebels, but at the negroes, to whom he announced his determination to "crush them with an iron hand," if they should attempt to rise and claim their free-

dom. The Democracy of the Northern States was at that time making a great noise over the alleged military failures of the Republican Government, and partly as a conciliation of them, partly because the North had so few other generals by education, this half-hearted man was given the command of the great army of the Potomac, when General Scott, through age and infirmity, resigned the command. He assumed command, July 25th, 1861, and for one year was a dead-weight upon the heart and power of the country. The "iron hand" with which he had promised to crush the negroes was covered with the softest of gloves when a rebel was to be dealt with. His idea of duty, with the fine army of 150,000 men entrusted to him, with which to take Richmond, seemed to be confined to the guarding of mansions deserted by their former heads, for the Confederate service, and the rendition of fugitive negroes to disloyal masters. From month to month he sat motionless before Richmond, whilst to the impatient country every kind of excuse for the paralysis was exhausted. He was "waiting for the roads to get better;" they got better; "for the leaves to fall;" they fell; "for fair weather;" it came; and yet there was no onward movement. Meantime, his army became fearfully decimated by the diseases incidental to tide-water Virginia. It is difficult to believe that the waste of this noble army and the most precious year were due to McClellan's incapacity or cowardice. It seems but too plain, that political motives and insidious advices were at work; that it had slowly become evident to him that the military conquest of the South would imply the death of slavery, and that he was already acting—or rather sitting still—with reference to the candidature of the pro-slavery reactionists at the North, which was subsequently awarded him, and which he certainly had fairly earned. To his camp there came a favourite band of minstrels—the Hutchinsons—who sang to the measure and music of Luther's hymn, a song by Whittier, which the soldiers liked to hear, the first verse of which is as follows:—

"We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation:
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil."

The Hutchinsons had gone by consent of

the Secretary of War; they had been welcomed also by McClellan; but when he heard of this song, he at once issued an order, banishing them from the limits of his command. This little incident really explains the sad year. At length McClellan was compelled to make a movement towards Richmond; but it was evidently not done with any idea of entering that capital. While his soldiers were fighting and suffering frightfully, he was on a gun-boat in the James River, enjoying his wine and cigar, out of harm's way; and, in short, the ingenuity of his failure was only equalled by that with which he and his friends tried to make it appear that the failure was attributable to interference with his plans by the authorities at Washington, who were, indeed, seriously amenable to the charge of not having interfered with those plans to the extent of removing the general who had conceived them. The heavy tidings of the seven disasters before Richmond came to the North on the eve of Independence Day (July 4), and the festival became a day of deepest mourning.

Disheartening as was this dreary year, with its fearful climax of a ruined army, it could not fail to bring some compensation to those who had an unconquerable purpose. Those who desired that the Rebellion should be put down without harm to slavery could not deny that their method had been tried by commanders of their own opinions, and that it had failed. The President could not be accused of conducting the war for party ends, if he now tried a more energetic and radical policy. Moreover, the delusion that there was as yet a large party at the South favourable to the Union, which needed to be strengthened by conciliation, was dispelled, and the loyalty of the negroes to the Northern cause, and their willingness and ability to assist it, had been shown in many ways. It became evident to the Government, after the failure of McClellan, that it must destroy slavery and avail itself of the co-operation of the slaves to ensure success; but, owing to the necessity of carrying with it the four slave states which yet adhered to the Union, it proceeded very slowly and cautiously in this direction. That the Government and the Congress were anti-slavery, and disposed to exercise their constitutional power against slavery, apart from mere military expediency, is proved by the promptness with which they emancipated the slaves of the District of Columbia, of all United States territories, and abolished the fugitive slave law. Nothing but military necessity could justify the setting aside of the codes which

protected slavery in the States, and it is not to be wondered that the loyal slaveholders, and their Northern party, were slow to perceive this military necessity. The President (July, 1862) called together the representatives of the non-seceding slave states, and urged them solemnly to use their influence with their respective states to secure the acceptance of the proposition for gradual and compensated emancipation, which Congress, in accordance with a message sent by him, had passed. To this appeal twenty of those representatives responded angrily, in the negative; seven declared that they would appeal to their states for a fair deliberation on the subject; and two met the proposition with favour. The steps which had already been taken concerning slavery were, first, that no soldier should be allowed to return a fugitive slave; next, some time after, that any slave which had been used against the Northern army should be held to be free; and, later, that the slave of any disloyal person should be so held. On September 22, 1862, the world was startled by the President's proclamation, deciding that he would, on the following January 1, issue an edict liberating all slaves in any state or district where there should remain armed resistance to the United States laws. On the day named, the proclamation was issued.

The utterance of this proclamation was the signal for a political conflict of unsurpassed vehemence, which, beginning with the year 1863, continued without intermission until the 7th of November, 1864, when it was concluded by the victory of the Republicans, who re-elected Mr. Lincoln. The President knew that the decided adoption of an anti-slavery policy would cause the formation, into a compact opposition, of all the pro-slavery elements of the country. He proceeded cautiously. He did not remove the feeble generals of Democratic sympathies — not even General McClellan, who was retained some months after his failures in Virginia, in a restricted command. The resuscitation which the armies required made an interval in which this could be done without serious harm. It became the duty of McClellan to publish to the army the President's proclamation of emancipation, which he did in language which indicated his want of sympathy with the measure, and at once marked him as the standard-bearer of the political opposition. He at length disobeyed orders so flagrantly that the President was forced to remove him, when he was at once taken up by the "Copperheads" as they were generally called, and

"lionized." The "Copperheads" took the ground, that the South could yet be brought back by conciliation, negotiation, and compromise; that the President, by over-riding the Constitution and making war upon the domestic institutions of the Southern states, — inciting servile insurrection, &c., — had united them as one man, and that they would all return, if a president were elected who promised their former security. On the other hand there arose a dissatisfaction among the radical republicans and abolitionists, based upon Mr. Lincoln's slowness and hesitation in dealing with slavery, a dissatisfaction which had already come to its head in a strong party which gathered chiefly around Major-General Fremont. The "Copperheads" had considerable strength in the Congress, and used it in impeding, so far as they could, the voting of supplies to the armies, and in urging measures for the institution of negotiations for peace with the South — their real object being to gain delays until they could obtain a president who would reverse the anti-slavery policy of Mr. Lincoln's government. But events could not be delayed. Negroes crowded by thousands to the Federal lines. The occurrence of fresh disasters made it necessary that these negroes should be enlisted; and both justice and common sense required that Congress should pass a measure emancipating the families of negroes so enlisted. The negroes fought magnificently, and won favour everywhere. Slavery was fast dying by inevitable causes. Some military victories in the south-west — notably, the capture of Vicksburg — decided the republicans to nominate Mr. Lincoln for another term; and the nomination of General McClellan, by the "Copperheads," induced the radicals to forego their preference for Mr. Fremont.

Re-elected by an overwhelming vote of his countrymen, freed from any possible political "fire in the rear," the President had no longer any reason to halt in the work of emancipation. The cry for "peace" was hushed, and there was no path open but that of vigorous war. The South was giving signs of exhaustion, and the future was radiant with the auspices of victory. The President shared the enthusiasm of the people; half-hearted generals were removed, whole-hearted ones sent to the front; city after city — Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia — fell, and state after state was conquered; and at length the Union banner floated over the Confederate capital itself, with the chief armies of the vanquished Slavery-Rebellion held as prisoners-of-war beneath it.

Self-conquest in the North had gone hand in hand with conquest in the South. Maryland, Missouri, West Virginia, and Tennessee had abolished slavery; Kentucky, by her leading journals and her governor, had begun a movement for the same end; Illinois and Ohio had abolished civil restrictions upon negroes; the street-cars of New York had resolved to admit negroes with whites; and the Government at Washington had purged itself, so far as it could at that time, by proposing to the States an amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting forever the existence of slavery in the United States. The signs of this great conversion were appearing everywhere. The flag of the Union — its one stain almost faded out — floated over Sumter again. The nation was filled with unutterable joy, as, on the Dial of Growths, the rank weed of slavery and the blood-red flower of war closed together, and the new hour was marked by the unfolding of a pure Peace. But there was, in the ecstasy of this proud moment, a lurking danger. The anti-slavery revolution was not yet consummated. The anti-slavery amendment yet lacked for adoption the votes of four or five states. There were yet thrice as many slaves actually held as in 1776. But, more formidable than any of these facts, there was a great spirit of clemency and conciliation sweeping through the North; and those, North and South, who wished to preserve as much of the old slave power as they could, were already manoeuvring to preserve the caste of the slave-owners, and to reconstruct the State governments of the South out of the fragments of those that had already crumbled through inherent rottenness. General Banks had already shown that disposition to restore states on the basis most desired by planters, which would have been prolific of evils. The negroes were to be, indeed, not slaves, but they were to be in the political power of their former masters — converted from treason to loyalty by the hope of saving their estates — a power under which they could have been oppressed to almost any extent so soon as the military occupation had been replaced by civil law, without any infraction of the laws abolishing slavery in its old form. There was every reason to apprehend that when the Federal power was withdrawn, and the late masters had exclusively the military and political power, the old wrong might survive in some form of serfdom, or enforced contracts with negroes, to be called by some decorous name, to harden gradually into a cruel and dangerous oppression, as slavery had done before. The chief danger

was that this conciliatory spirit of the American people had already taken the shape, in the mind of the President, whom all were ready to follow, of a plan of reconstruction which must inevitably have preserved the caste which had grown out of slavery. He had already decided to issue a new proclamation of amnesty in this sense, which the people were ready to receive and applaud; and if, as has been stated, the order of General Weitzel, and the plan of reconstruction proposed by General Sherman, were based upon views and wishes expressed by President Lincoln, there is good reason to fear that this sultry clemency threatened the whole harvest of the war with blight. Was that noble Revolution which had conquered, in succession, indifference, social and ecclesiastical hostility, mobs, majorities, armies, to be lost now by a false and merciless mercy? Was the sword which had cloven iron bars to fail now in piercing the soft veil of sentiment? If there was any point where a great movement for humanity was vulnerable, it would be just here. But out of the darkness emerged the hand of destiny, to rescue the American nation from this last peril. It was decreed that slavery itself should blot out the unpublished proclamation of amnesty, and write, in the blood of the heart which was too kind to utter it, that death-warrant which it and its caste deserved, and which alone could fitly crown the sacrifices of so many weary years. At the very moment when the joyful nation was wreathing the laurel and evergreen of the victor and the patriot around the brow of their noble and gentle President, slavery slew him in cold blood. In a moment, the twenty million hearts that just now meditated indulgence demand implacable justice. The body of the murdered President passes from city to city, and from state to state, and the grief-stricken people swear over it that not one vestige of the infernal wrong shall remain in the land. The wild and guilty passions which the long outrages upon human nature have engendered gather themselves into a last fearful stroke, the fit climax of their horrible history, and the policy of Southern reconstruction is remitted to one who, more than any loyalist in America, knows the nature of the monster with whose last writhings of desperation America has to deal.

Andrew Johnson, who has had the rope of a rebel mob around his neck, who has had a son laid in the grave, and a daughter shot down at his door, is now the President of Slavery's own election, and the last cloud clears away from that future of America

which too much clemency alone had imperilled.*

We are not of those who have feared, at any time, that the heroes of humanity in America are in danger of being provoked, even by the fiendish assassination of a beloved leader, to lend themselves to a savage or vindictive policy. President Lincoln is not the first anti-slavery martyr over whose grave they have journeyed to their noble goal. The blood of Lovejoy and of John Brown cried from the ground, only to inspire them to a new devotion to justice, and that of the martyr-President will plead for nothing lower. That their labours and sacrifices have culminated in so purifying the banner of the United States that slaveholders loathed it, and slaves prayed for a sight of it, that the Presidents who were known only as slave hounds were at last superseded by one worthy to die for freedom,—these will be held by them as the costly certificates of their well-earned triumph, and be set as a bow on the receding cloud. The subsiding waters of rebellion will leave the stratum of a new society over the South, the slaves will be transformed to free and equal citizens, and the chain, the lash, the shamble, and the bowie-knife will be preserved only as the fossil implements of an extinct race of half-human creatures.

We have, in the preceding pages, reviewed and condensed this great chapter of contemporaneous history from that point of view which regards it as the peaceful revolution

of a principle which, beginning with no strength but its own inherent rectitude, has gone on, step by step, against vast interests and over all imaginable obstacles to the noblest of successes. It was the noblest revolution of history, because in it only the legitimate weapons of truth were used. The strongholds yielded to the voices, the persuasions, the reasons, of just and earnest men; they were besieged with arrows of light, shelled with bombs of free thought and free schools. "Love is the hell-spark that burneth up the mountain of iniquity," said Mohammed. In the strength of a broad and irrepressible humanity, the anti-slavery revolution had gone on until the steps of Liberty were upon the threshold of a liberated and redeemed new world. The flag which had for many years represented the scars and stripes on the slave's back, had once again floated up, and promised to symbolize, as at first, the stars and streaks of humanity's dawn. The late war we have seen as a rebellion against this revolution. It was a league against the peaceful and legitimate evolution of Liberty on that continent—an insurrection against a resurrection.

Whilst we admire this fresh publication to our age of the law, that Justice, without wealth or weapons, is still irresistible, there is to be no less studied that reverse side of the lesson, which shows that evil, in the presence of its serene antagonist, for ever digs its own grave. We might, indeed, well have headed this record "The Suicide of American Slavery." We have seen, at each step, that every defiant movement of Slavery was a stab at its own heart. Its greed for extension created the opposition; its war against Mexico resulted in new free states; its mobs begot sympathy for its opponents among decent people; its slave-hunting in the North revealed its cruel nature to people before incredulous; its assassinations silenced Northern defenders; its hanging of John Brown gave its foes a watch-word and a battle-lymn; its treacherous disarming of the North led to its first victories, which made emancipation necessary; its animal ferocity evoked the energy which crushed it. It built about the nation a wall of fire, which cut off every way but that of universal and immediate emancipation. And when, at last, it had, in the merciful heart of the Republican President, one single remaining hope of lingering life, it planted its fang in that last spot of vitality, and must perish miserably and for ever. *Sic semper tyrannis.*

* Since this article was written, the hope expressed in this sentence has been cruelly disappointed. The new President has, in his first effort at reconstruction, surrendered the United States Law—under which blacks and whites are equally citizens—by which alone he has any authority in a Southern state, to the behest of the slave-code which North Carolina had anterior to her secession. If the laws of that state are in force, by what right can the President appoint its Governor, or convoke its Conventions? Or is every law invalid except that, the working of which excludes from political rights the only class in the South that can be absolutely trusted? With such an example, of how the most loyal whites of the South are resolved to oppress the negroes to the utmost of their power, as the Legislature of Tennessee has just given, it may be regarded as certain that the Congress will set aside any pretended state which tries to enter without adopting the principle of negro-suffrage. To take from the crumbled slave-state the rottenest fragment to be corner stone of the new, were of course to surrender all the moral result of the war. The deplorable position which Mr. Johnson has taken is doubtless to be attributed, not to any love of slavery, but to the lack of legal training. A much stronger and more popular President put forth great efforts to carry through the last Congress the Louisiana organization, and failed, and it is a much more anti-slavery Congress with which Mr. Johnson has to deal in December next.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. OSBORNE'S SECRET.

OSBORNE and Roger came to the Hall; Molly found Roger established there when she returned after this absence at home. She gathered that Osborne was coming; but very little was said about him in any way. The squire scarcely ever left his wife's room now; he sat by her, watching her, and now and then moaning to himself. She was so much under the influence of opiates that she did not often rouse up; but when she did, she almost invariably asked for Molly. In their rare tête-à-tête, she would ask after Osborne — where he was, if he had been told, and if he was coming? In her weakened and confused state of intellect she seemed to have retained two strong impressions — one, of the sympathy with which Molly had received her confidence about Osborne; the other, of the anger which her husband entertained against him. Before the squire she never mentioned Osborne's name; nor did she seem at her ease in speaking about him to Roger, while, when she was alone with Molly, she hardly spoke of any one else. She must have had some sort of wandering idea that Roger blamed his brother, while she remembered Molly's eager defence, which she had thought hopelessly improbable at the time. At any rate she made Molly her confidant about her first-born. She sent her to ask Roger how soon he would come, for she seemed to know perfectly well that he was coming.

"Tell me all Roger says. He will tell you."

But it was several days before Molly could ask Roger any questions; and meanwhile Mrs. Hamley's state had materially altered. At length Molly came upon Roger sitting in the library, his head buried in his hands. He did not hear her footstep till she was close beside him. Then he lifted up his face, red, and stained with tears, his hair all ruffled up and in disorder.

"I've been wanting to see you alone," she began. "Your mother does so want some news of your brother Osborne. She told me last week to ask you about him, but I did not like to speak of him before your father."

"She hardly ever named him to me."

"I don't know why; for to me she used to talk of him perpetually. I have seen so little of her this week, and I think she forgets a great deal now. Still, if you don't mind, I should like to be able to tell her something if she asks me again."

He put his head again between his hands, and did not answer her for some time.

"What does she want to know?" said he, at last. "Does she know that Osborne is coming soon — any day?"

"Yes. But she wants to know where he is."

"I can't tell you. I don't exactly know. I believe he's abroad, but I'm not sure."

"But you've sent papa's letter to him?"

"I've sent it to a friend of his who will know better than I do where he's to be found. You must know that he isn't free from creditors, Molly. You can't have been one of the family, like a child of the house almost, without knowing that much. For that and for other reasons I don't exactly know where he is."

"I will tell her so. You are sure he will come?"

"Quite sure. But, Molly, I think my mother may live some time yet; don't you? Dr. Nicholls said so yesterday when he was here with your father. He said she had rallied more than he had ever expected. You're not afraid of any change that makes you so anxious for Osborne's coming?"

"No. It's only for her that I asked. She did seem so to crave for news of him. I think she dreamed of him; and then when she awakened it was a relief to her to talk about him to me. She always seemed to associate me with him. We used to speak so much of him when we were together."

"I don't know what we should any of us have done without you. You've been like a daughter to my mother."

"I do so love her," said Molly, softly.

"Yes; I see. Have you ever noticed that she sometimes calls you 'Fanny'? It was the name of a little sister of ours who died. I think she often takes you for her. Is was partly that, and partly that at such a time as this one can't stand on formalities, that made me call you Molly. I hope you don't mind it?"

"No; I like it. But will you tell me something more about your brother? She really hungers for news of him."

"She'd better ask me herself. Yet, no! I am so involved by promises of secrecy, Molly, that I couldn't satisfy her if she once began to question me. I believe he's in Belgium, and that he went there about a fortnight ago, partly to avoid his creditors. You know my father has refused to pay his debts?"

"Yes; at least, I knew something like it."

"I don't believe my father could raise the

money all at once without having recourse to steps which he would exceedingly recoil from. Yet for the time it places Osborne in a very awkward position."

"I think what vexes your father a good deal is some mystery as to how the money was spent."

"If my mother ever says anything about that part of the affair," said Roger, hastily, "assure her from me that there's nothing of vice or wrong-doing about it. I can't say more: I'm tired. But set her mind at ease on this point."

"I'm not sure if she remembers all her painful anxiety about this," said Molly. "She used to speak a great deal to me about him before you came, when your father seemed so angry. And now, whenever she sees me she wants to talk on the old subject; but she doesn't remember so clearly. If she were to see him, I don't believe she would recollect why she was uneasy about him while he was absent."

"He must be here soon. I expect him every day," said Roger, uneasily.

"Do you think your father will be very angry with him?" asked Molly, with as much timidity as if the squire's displeasure might be directed against her.

"I don't know," said Roger. "My mother's illness may alter him; but he didn't easily forgive us formerly. I remember once—but that is nothing to the purpose. I can't help fancying that he has put himself under some strong restraint for my mother's sake, and that he won't express much. But it doesn't follow that he will forget it. My father is a man of few affections, but what he has are very strong; he feels anything that touches him on these points deeply and permanently. That unlucky valuing of the property! It has given my father the idea of post-obits"—

"What are they?" asked Molly.

"Raising money to be paid on my father's death, which, of course, involves calculations as to the duration of his life."

"How shocking!" said she.

"I'm as sure as I am of my own life that Osborne never did anything of the kind. But my father expressed his suspicions in language that irritated Osborne; and he doesn't speak out, and won't justify himself even as much as he might; and, much as he loves me, I've but little influence over him, or else he would tell my father all. Well, we must leave it to time," he added, sighing. "My mother would have brought us all right, if she'd been what she once was."

He turned away, leaving Molly very sad. She knew that every member of the family

she cared for so much was in trouble, out of which she saw no exit; and her small power of helping them was diminishing day by day as Mrs. Hamley sank more and more under the influence of opiates and stupefying illness. Her father had spoken to her only this very day of the desirableness of her returning home for good. Mrs. Gibson wanted her—for no particular reason, but for many small fragments of reasons. Mrs. Hamley had ceased to want her much, only occasionally appearing to remember her existence. Her position (her father thought—the idea had not entered her head), in a family of which the only woman was an invalid confined to bed, was becoming awkward. But Molly had begged hard to remain two or three days longer—only that—only till Friday. If Mrs. Hamley should want her (she argued, with tears in her eyes), and should hear that she had left the house, she would think her so unkind, so ungrateful!

"My dear child, she's getting past wanting any one! The keenness of earthly feelings is deadened."

"Papa, that is worst of all. I cannot bear it. I won't believe it. She may not ask for me again, and may quite forget me; but I'm sure, to the very last, if the medicines don't stupefy her, she will look round for the squire and her children. For poor Osborne most of all; because he's in sorrow."

Mr. Gibson shook his head, but said nothing in reply. In a minute or two he asked,—

"I don't like to take you away while you even fancy you can be of use or comfort to one who has been so kind to you. But, if she hasn't wanted you before Friday, will you be convinced, will you come home willingly?"

"If I go then, I may see her once again, even if she hasn't asked for me?" inquired Molly.

"Yes, of course. You must make no noise, no step; but you may go in and see her. I must tell you, I'm almost certain she won't ask for you."

"But she may, papa. I will go home on Friday, if she has not. I think she will."

So Molly hung about the house, trying to do all she could out of the sick-room, for the comfort of those in it. They only came out for meals, or for necessary business, and found little time for talking to her, so her life was solitary enough, waiting for the call that never came. The evening of the day on which she had had the above conversation with Roger, Osborne arrived. He

came straight into the drawing-room, where Molly was seated on the rug, reading by firelight, as she did not like to ring for candles merely for her own use. Osborne came in, with a kind of hurry, which almost made him appear as if he would trip himself up, and fall down. Molly rose. He had not noticed her before; now he came forwards, and took hold of both her hands, leading her into the full flickering light, and straining his eyes to look into her face.

"How is she? You will tell me—you must know the truth! I've travelled day and night since I got your father's letter."

Before she could frame her answer, he had sat down in the nearest chair, covering his eyes with his hand.

"She's very ill," said Molly. "That you know; but I don't think she suffers much pain. She has wanted you sadly."

He groaned aloud. "My father forbade me to come."

"I know!" said Molly, anxious to prevent his self-reproach. "Your brother was away, too. I think no one knew how ill she was—she had been an invalid for so long."

"You know— Yes! she told you a great deal—she was very fond of you. And God knows how I loved her. If I had not been forbidden to come home, I should have told her all. Does my father know of my coming now?"

"Yes," said Molly; "I told him papa had sent for you."

Just at that moment the squire came in. He had not heard of Osborne's arrival, and was seeking Molly to ask her to write a letter for him.

Osborne did not stand up when his father entered. He was too much exhausted, too much oppressed by his feelings, and also too much estranged by his father's angry, suspicious letters. If he had come forward with any manifestation of feeling at this moment, everything might have been different. But he waited for his father to see him before he uttered a word. All that the squire said when his eye fell upon him at last was,—

"You here, sir!"

And, breaking off in the directions he was giving to Molly, he abruptly left the room. All the time his heart was yearning after his first-born; but mutual pride kept them asunder. Yet he went straight to the butler, and asked of him when Mr. Osborne had arrived, and how he had come, and if he had had any refreshment—dinner or what—since his arrival?

"For I think I forget everything now!"

said the poor squire, putting his hand up to his head. "For the life of me, I can't remember whether we've had dinner or not; these long nights, and all this sorrow and wathing, quite bewilder me."

"Perhaps, sir, you will take some dinner with Mr. Osborne. Mrs. Morgan is sending up his directly. You hardly sate down at dinner-time, sir, you thought my mistress wanted something."

"Ay! I remember now. No! I won't have any more. Give Mr. Osborne what wine he chooses. Perhaps he can eat and drink." So the squire went away up stairs with bitterness as well as sorrow in his heart.

When lights were brought, Molly was struck with the change in Osborne. He looked haggard and worn; perhaps with travelling and anxiety. Not quite such a dainty gentleman, either, as Molly had thought him, when she had last seen him calling on her stepmother, two months before. But she liked him better now. The tone of his remarks pleased her more. He was simpler, and less ashamed of showing his feelings. He asked after Roger in a warm, longing kind of way. Roger was out: he had ridden to Ashcombe to transact some business for the squire. Osborne evidently wished for his return; and hung about restlessly in the drawing-room after he had dined.

"You are sure I may not see her to-night?" he asked Molly, for the third or fourth time.

"No, indeed. I will go up again if you like it. But Mrs. Jones, the nurse Dr. Nicholls sent, is a very decided person. I went up while you were at dinner, and Mrs. Hamley had just taken her drops, and was on no account to be disturbed by seeing any one, much less by any excitement."

Osborne kept walking up and down the long drawing-room, half talking to himself, half to Molly.

"I wish Roger would come. He seems to be the only one to give me a welcome. Does my father always live up stairs in my mother's rooms, Miss Gibson?"

"He has done since her last attack. I believe he reproaches himself for not having been enough alarmed before."

"You heard all the words he said to me: they were not much of a welcome, were they? And my dear mother, who always—whether I was to blame or not—I suppose Roger is sure to come home to-night?"

"Quite sure."

"You are staying here, are you not?"

Do you often see my mother, or does this omnipotent nurse keep you out too?"

"Mrs. Hamley hasn't asked for me for three days now, and I don't go into her room unless she asks. I'm leaving on Friday, I believe."

"My mother was very fond of you, I know."

After a while he said, in a voice that had a great deal of sensitive pain in its tone,—

"I suppose—do you know whether she is quite conscious—quite herself?"

"Not always conscious," said Molly, tenderly. "She has to take so many opiates. But she never wanders, only forgets, and sleeps."

"Oh, mother, mother!" said he, stopping suddenly, and hanging over the fire, his hands on the chimney-piece.

When Roger came home, Molly thought it time to retire. Poor girl! it was getting time for her to leave this scene of distress in which she could be of no use. She sobbed herself to sleep this Tuesday night. Two days more, and it would be Friday; and she would have to wrench up the roots she had shot down into this ground. The weather was bright the next morning; and morning and sunny weather cheer up young hearts. Molly sat in the dining-room making tea for the gentlemen as they came down. She could not help hoping that the squire and Osborne might come to a better understanding before she left; for after all, in the discussion between father and son, lay a bitterer sting than in the illness sent by God. But though they met at the breakfast-table, they purposely avoided addressing each other. Perhaps the natural subject of conversation between the two, at such a time, would have been Osborne's long journey the night before; but he had never spoken of the place he had come from, whether north, south, east, or west, and the squire did not choose to allude to anything that might bring out what his son wished to conceal. Again, there was an unexpressed idea in both their minds: that Mrs. Hamley's present illness was much aggravated, if not entirely brought on, by the discovery of Osborne's debts; so, many inquiries and answers on that head were tabooed. In fact, their attempts at easy conversation were limited to local subjects, and principally addressed to Molly or Roger. Such intercourse was not productive of pleasure, or even of friendly feeling, though there was a thin outward surface of politeness and peace. Long before the day was over, Molly wished that she had acceded to her father's pro-

posal, and gone home with him. No one seemed to want her. Mrs. Jones, the nurse, assured her time after time that Mrs. Hamley had never named her name; and her small services in the sick-room were not required since there was a regular nurse. Osborne and Roger seemed all in all to each other; and Molly now felt how much the short conversations she had had with Roger had served to give her something to think about, all during the remainder of her solitary days. Osborne was extremely polite, and even expressed his gratitude to her for her attentions to his mother in a very pleasant manner; but he appeared to be unwilling to show her any of the deeper feelings of his heart, and almost ashamed of his exhibition of emotion the night before. He spoke to her as any agreeable young man speaks to any pleasant young lady; but Molly almost resented this. It was only the squire who seemed to make her of any account. He gave her letters to write, small bills to reckon up; and she could have kissed his hands for thankfulness.

The last afternoon of her stay at the Hall came. Roger had gone out on the squire's business. Molly went into the garden, thinking over the last summer, when Mrs. Hamley's sofa used to be placed under the old cedar-tree on the lawn, and when the warm air seemed to be scented with roses and sweetbriar. Now, the trees were leafless,—there was no sweet odour in the keen frosty air; and looking up at the house, there were the white sheets of blinds, shutting out the pale winter sky from the invalid's room. Then she thought of the day her father had brought her the news of his second marriage: the thicket was tangled with dead weeds and rime and hoar-frost; and the beautiful fine articulation of branches and boughs and delicate twigs were all intertwined in leafless distinctness against the sky. Could she ever be so passionately unhappy again? Was it goodness, or was it numbness, that made her feel as though life was too short to be troubled much about anything? death seemed the only reality. She had neither energy nor heart to walk far or briskly; and turned back towards the house. The afternoon sun was shining brightly on the windows; and, stirred up to unusual activity by some unknown cause, the housemaids had opened the shutters and windows of the generally unused library. The middle window was also a door; the white-painted wood went half-way up. Molly turned along the little flag-paved path that led

past the library windows to the gate in the white railings at the front of the house, and went in at the opened doors. She had had leave given to choose out any books she wished to read, and to take them home with her; and it was just the sort of half-dawdling employment suited to her taste this afternoon. She mounted on the ladder to get to a particular shelf high up in a dark corner of the room; and finding there some volume that looked interesting, she sat down on the step to read part of it. There she sat, in her bonnet and cloak, when Osborne suddenly came in. He did not see her at first; indeed, he seemed in such a hurry that he probably might not have noticed her at all, if she had not spoken.

"Am I in your way? I only came here for a minute to look for some books." She came down the steps as she spoke, still holding the book in her hand.

"Not at all. It is I who am disturbing you. I must just write a letter for the post, and then I shall be gone. Is not this open door too cold for you?"

"Oh, no. It is so fresh and pleasant."

She began to read again, sitting on the lowest step of the ladder; he to write at the large old-fashioned writing-table close to the window. There was a minute or two of profound silence, in which the rapid scratching of Osborne's pen upon the paper was the only sound. Then came a click of the gate, and Roger stood at the open door. His face was towards Osborne, sitting in the light; his back to Molly, crouched up in her corner. He held out a letter, and said in a hoarse breathlessness—

"Here's a letter from your wife, Osborne. I went past the post-office and thought"—

Osborne stood up, angry dismay upon his face.

"Roger! what have you done! Don't you see her?"

Roger looked round, and Molly stood up in her corner, red, trembling, miserable, as though she were a guilty person. Roger entered the room. All three seemed to be equally dismayed. Molly was the first to speak; she came forward and said—

"I am so sorry! You didn't wish me to hear it, but I couldn't help it. You will trust me, won't you?" and turning to Roger she said to him with tears in her eyes—"Please say you know I shall not tell."

"We can't help it," said Osborne, gloomily. "Only Roger, who knew of what importance it was, ought to have looked round him before speaking."

"So I should," said Roger. "I'm more vexed with myself than you can conceive. Not but what I'm as sure of you as of myself," continued he, turning to Molly.

"Yes; but," said Osborne, "you see how many chances there are that even the best-meaning persons may let out what it is of such consequence to me to keep secret."

"I know you think it so," said Roger.

"Well, don't let us begin that old discussion again—at any rate, not before a third person."

Molly had had hard work all this time to keep from crying. Now that she was alluded to as the third person before whom conversation was to be restrained, she said—

"I'm going away. Perhaps I ought not to have been here. I'm very sorry—very. But I will try and forget what I've heard."

"You can't do that," said Osborne, still ungraciously. "But will you promise me never to speak about it to any one—not even to me, or to Roger? Will you try to act and speak as if you had never heard it? I'm sure, from what Roger has told me about you, that if you give me this promise I may rely upon it."

"Yes; I will promise," said Molly, putting out her hand as a kind of pledge. Osborne took it, but rather as if the action was superfluous. She added, "I think I should have done so, even without a promise. But it is, perhaps, better to bind oneself. I will go away now. I wish I'd never come into this room."

She put down her book on the table very softly, and turned to leave the room, choking down her tears until she was in the solitude of her own chamber. But Roger was at the door before her, holding it open for her, and reading—she felt that he was reading—her face. He held out his hand for hers, and his firm grasp expressed both sympathy and regret for what had occurred.

She could hardly keep back her sobs till she reached her bedroom. Her feelings had been overwrought for some time past, without finding the natural vent in action. The leaving Hamley Hall had seemed so sad before; and now she was troubled with having to bear away a secret which she ought never to have known, and the knowledge of which had brought out a very uncomfortable responsibility. Then there would arise a very natural wonder as to who was Osborne's wife. Molly had not stayed so long and so intimately in the Hamley family without being well aware of the manner in which the future lady of Hamley was planned for. The squire, for instance, partly in order to show that Osborne, his heir, was above the

reach of Molly Gibson, the doctor's daughter, in the early days before he knew Molly well, had often alluded to the grand, the high, and the wealthy marriage which Hamley of Hamley, as represented by his clever, brilliant, handsome son Osborne, might be expected to make. Mrs. Hamley, too, unconsciously on her part, showed the projects that she was constantly devising for the reception of the unknown daughter-in-law that was to be.

"The drawing-room must be refurnished when Osborne marries"—or "Osborne's wife will like to have the best suite of rooms to herself; it will perhaps be a trial to her to live with the old couple; but we must arrange it so that she will feel it as little as possible"—"Of course, when Mrs. Osborne comes we must try and give her a new carriage; the old one does well enough for us"—these, and similar speeches had given Molly the impression of the future Mrs. Osborne as of some beautiful grand young lady, whose very presence would make the old Hall into a stately, formal mansion, instead of the pleasant, unceremonious home that it was at present. Osborne, too, who had spoken with such languid criticism to Mrs. Gibson about various country belles, and even in his own home was apt to give himself airs—only at home his airs were poetically fastidious, while with Mrs. Gibson they had been socially fastidious—what unspeakably elegant beauty had he chosen for his wife? Who had satisfied him; and yet satisfying him, had to have her marriage kept in concealment from his parents? At length Molly tore herself up from her wonderings. It was of no use: she could not find out; she might not even try. The blank wall of her promise blocked up the way. Perhaps it was not even right to wonder, and endeavour to remember slight speeches, casual mentions of a name, so as to piece them together into something coherent. Molly dreaded seeing either of the brothers again; but they all met at dinner-time as if nothing had happened. The squire was taciturn, either from melancholy or displeasure. He had never spoken to Osborne since his return, excepting about the commonest trifles, when intercourse could not be avoided; and his wife's state oppressed him like a heavy cloud coming over the light of his day. Osborne put on an indifferent manner to his father, which Molly felt sure was assumed; but it was not conciliatory, for all that. Roger, quiet, steady, and natural, talked more than all the others; but he too was uneasy, and in distress on many accounts. To-day he

principally addressed himself to Molly; entering into rather long narrations of late discoveries in natural history, which kept up the current of talk without requiring much reply from any one. Molly had expected Osborne to look something different from usual—conscious, or ashamed, or resentful, or even "married"—but he was exactly the Osborne of the morning—handsome, elegant, languid in manner and in look; cordial with his brother, polite towards her, secretly uneasy at the state of things between his father and himself. She would never have guessed the concealed romance which lay *perdu* under that every-day behaviour. She had always wished to come into direct contact with a love-story: here she was, and she only found it very uncomfortable; there was a sense of concealment and uncertainty about it all; and her honest straightforward father, her quiet life at Hollingford, which, even with all its drawbacks, was above-board, and where everybody knew what everybody was doing, seemed secure and pleasant in comparison. Of course she felt great pain at quitting the Hall, and at the mute farewell she had taken of her sleeping and unconscious friend. But leaving Mrs. Hamley now was a different thing to what it had been a fortnight ago. Then she was wanted at any moment, and felt herself to be of comfort. Now her very existence seemed forgotten by the poor lady whose body appeared to be living so long after her soul.

She was sent home in the carriage, loaded with true thanks from every one of the family. Osborne ransacked the houses for flowers for her; and Roger had chosen her out books of every kind. The squire himself kept shaking her hand, without being able to speak his gratitude, till at last he had taken her in his arms, and kissed her as he would have done a daughter.

CHAPTER XIX.

CYNTHIA'S ARRIVAL.

MOLLY's father was not at home when she returned; and there was no one to give her a welcome. Mrs. Gibson was out paying calls, the servants told Molly. She went up stairs to her own room, meaning to unpack and arrange her borrowed books. Rather to her surprise she saw the chamber, corresponding to her own, being dusted; water and towels too were being carried in. "Is any one coming?" she asked of the housemaid.

"Missus's daughter from France. Miss Kirkpatrick is coming to-morrow."

Was Cynthia coming at last? Oh, what a pleasure it would be to have a companion, a girl, a sister of her own age! Molly's depressed spirits sprang up again with bright elasticity. She longed for Mrs. Gibson's return, to ask her all about it: it must be very sudden, for Mr. Gibson had said nothing of it at the Hall the day before. No quiet reading now; the books were hardly put away with Molly's usual neatness. She went down into the drawing-room, and could not settle to anything. At last Mrs. Gibson came home, tired out with her walk and her heavy velvet cloak. Until that was taken off, and she had rested herself for a few minutes, she seemed quite unable to attend to Molly's questions.

"Oh, yes! Cynthia is coming home to-morrow, by the 'Umpire,' which passes through at ten o'clock. What an oppressive day it is for the time of the year! I really am almost ready to faint. Cynthia heard of some opportunity, I believe, and was only too glad to leave school a fortnight earlier than we planned. She never gave me the chance of writing to say I did, or did not, like her coming so much before the time; and I shall have to pay for her just the same as if she had stopped. And I meant to have asked her to bring me a French bonnet; and then you could have had one made after mine. But I'm very glad she's coming, poor dear."

"Is anything the matter with her?" asked Molly.

"Oh, no! Why should there be?"

"You called her 'poor dear,' and it made me afraid lest she might be ill."

"Oh, no! It's only a way I got into, when Mr. Kirkpatrick died. A fatherless girl—you know one always does call them 'poor dears.' Oh, no! Cynthia never is ill. She's as strong as a horse. She never would have felt to-day as I have done. Could you get me a glass of wine and a biscuit, my dear? I'm really quite faint."

Mr. Gibson was much more excited about Cynthia's arrival than her own mother was. He anticipated her coming as a great pleasure to Molly, on whom, in spite of his recent marriage and his new wife, his interests principally centred. He even found time to run up stairs and see the bedrooms of the two girls; for the furniture of which he had paid a pretty round sum.

"Well, I suppose young ladies like their bedrooms decked out in this way! It's very pretty certainly, but—"

"I like my own old room better, papa;

but perhaps Cynthia is accustomed to such decking up."

"Perhaps; at any rate, she'll see we've tried to make it pretty. Yours is like hers. That's right. It might have hurt her, if hers had been smarter than yours. Now good-night in your fine flimsy bed."

Molly was up betimes—almost before it was light—arranging her pretty Hamley flowers in Cynthia's room. She could hardly eat her breakfast that morning. She ran up stairs and put on her things, thinking that Mrs. Gibson was quite sure to go down to the "Angel Inn," where the "Umpire" stopped, to meet her daughter after a two years' absence. But to her surprise Mrs. Gibson had arranged herself at her great worsted-work frame, just as usual; and she, in her turn, was astonished at Molly's bonnet and cloak.

"Where are you going so early, child? The fog hasn't cleared away yet."

"I thought you would go and meet Cynthia; and I wanted to go with you."

"She will be here in half an hour; and dear papa has told the gardener to take the wheelbarrow down for her luggage. I'm not sure if he is not gone himself."

"Then you are not going?" asked Molly, with a good deal of disappointment.

"No, certainly not. She will be here almost directly. And, besides, I don't like to expose my feelings to every passer-by in High Street. You forget I have not seen her for two years, and I hate scenes in the market-place."

She settled herself to her work again; and Molly, after some consideration, gave up her own grief, and employed herself in looking out of the down-stairs window which commanded the approach from the town.

"Here she is—here she is!" she cried out at last. Her father was walking by the side of a tall young lady; William the gardener was wheeling along a great cargo of baggage. Molly flew to the front-door, and had it wide open to admit the new-comer some time before she arrived.

"Well! here she is. Molly, this is Cynthia. Cynthia, Molly. You're to be sisters, you know."

Molly saw the beautiful, tall, swaying figure, against the light of the open door, but could not see any of the features that were, for the moment, in shadow. A sudden gush of shyness had come over her just at the instant, and quenched the embrace she would have given a moment before. But Cynthia took her in her arms, and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Here's mamma," she said, looking beyond

Molly on to the stairs where Mrs. Gibson stood, wrapped up in a shawl, and shivering in the cold. She ran past Molly and Mr. Gibson, who rather averted their eyes from this first greeting between mother and child.

Mrs. Gibson said —

"Why, how you are grown, darling! You look quite a woman."

"And so I am," said Cynthia. "I was before I went away; I've hardly grown since, — except, it is always to be hoped, in wisdom."

"Yes! That we will hope," said Mrs. Gibson, in rather a meaning way. Indeed there were evidently hidden allusions in their seeming commonplace speeches. When they all came into the full light and repose of the drawing-room, Molly was absorbed in the contemplation of Cynthia's beauty. Perhaps her features were not regular; but the changes in her expressive countenance gave one no time to think of that. Her smile was perfect; her pouting charming; the play of the face was in the mouth. Her eyes were beautifully shaped, but their expression hardly seemed to vary. In colouring she was not unlike her mother; only she had not so much of the red-haired tints in her complexion; and her long-shaped, serious gray eyes were fringed with dark lashes, instead of her mother's insipid flaxen ones. Molly fell in love with her, so to speak, on the instant. She sat there warming her feet and hands, as much at her ease as if she had been there all her life; not particularly attending to her mother — who, all the time, was studying either her or her dress — measuring Molly and Mr. Gibson with grave observant looks, as if guessing how she should like them.

"There's hot breakfast ready for you in the dining-room, when you are ready for it," said Mr. Gibson. "I'm sure you must want it after your night journey." He looked round at his wife, at Cynthia's mother, but she did not seem inclined to leave the warm room again.

"Molly will take you to your room, darling," said she; "it is near hers, and she has got her things to take off. I'll come down and sit in the dining-room while you are having your breakfast, but I really am afraid of the cold now."

Cynthia rose and followed Molly up stairs.

"I'm so sorry there isn't a fire for you," said Molly, "but — I suppose it wasn't ordered; and, of course, I don't give any orders. Here is some hot water, though."

"Stop a minute," said Cynthia, getting hold of both Molly's hands, and looking

steadily into her face, but in such a manner that she did not dislike the inspection.

"I think I shall like you. I am so glad! I was afraid I should not. We're all in a very awkward position together, aren't we? I like your father's looks, though."

Molly could not help smiling at the way this was said. Cynthia replied to her smile.

"Ah, you may laugh. But I don't know that I am easy to get on with; mamma and I didn't suit when we were last together. But perhaps we are each of us wiser now. Now, please leave me for a quarter of an hour. I don't want anything more."

Molly went into her own room, waiting to show Cynthia down to the dining-room. Not that, in the moderate-sized house, there was any difficulty in finding the way. A very little trouble in conjecturing would enable a stranger to discover any room. But Cynthia had so captivated Molly, that she wanted to devote herself to the new-comer's service. Ever since she had heard of the probability of her having a sister — (she called her a sister, but whether it was a Scotch sister, or a sister *à la mode de Bretagne*, would have puzzled most people) — Molly had allowed her fancy to dwell much on the idea of Cynthia's coming; and in the short time since they had met, Cynthia's unconscious power of fascination had been exercised upon her. Some people have this power. Of course, its effects are only manifested in the susceptible. A school-girl may be found in every school who attracts and influences all the others, not by her virtues, nor her beauty, nor her sweetness, nor her cleverness, but by something that can neither be described nor reasoned upon. It is the something alluded to in the old lines: —

Love me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye and face;
No, nor for my constant heart, —
For these may change, and turn to ill,
And thus true love may sever.
But love me on, and know not why,
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever.

A woman will have this charm, not only over men, but over her own sex; it cannot be defined, or rather it is so delicate a mixture of many gifts and qualities that it is impossible to decide on the proportions of each. Perhaps it is incompatible with very high principles; as its essence seems to consist in the most exquisite power of adaptation to varying people and still more various moods; "being all things to all men." At any rate, Molly might soon have been aware that

Cynthia was not remarkable for unflinching morality; but the glamour thrown over her would have prevented Molly from any attempt at penetrating into and judging her companion's character, even had such processes been the least in accordance with her own disposition.

Cynthia was very beautiful, and was so well aware of this fact that she had forgotten to care about it; no one with such loveliness ever appeared so little conscious of it. Molly would watch her perpetually as she moved about the room, with the free stately step of some wild animal of the forest—moving almost, as it were, to the continual sound of music. Her dress, too, though now to our ideas it would be considered ugly and disfiguring, was suited to her complexion and figure, and the fashion of it subdued within due bounds by her exquisite taste. It was inexpensive enough, and the changes in it were but few. Mrs. Gibson professed herself shocked to find that Cynthia had but four gowns, when she might have stocked herself so well, and brought over so many useful French patterns, if she had but patiently waited her mother's answer to the letter which she had sent announcing her return by the opportunity madame had found for her. Molly was hurt for Cynthia at all these speeches; she thought they implied that the pleasure which her mother felt at seeing her a fortnight sooner after her two years' absence was inferior to that which she would have received from a bundle of silver-paper patterns. But Cynthia took no apparent notice of the frequent recurrence of these small complaints. Indeed, she received much of what her mother said with a kind of complete indifference, that made Mrs. Gibson hold her rather in awe; and she was much more communicative to Molly than to her own child. With regard to dress, however, Cynthia soon showed that she was her mother's own daughter in the manner in which she could use her deft and nimble fingers. She was a capital workwoman; and unlike Molly, who excelled in plain sewing, but had no notion of dressmaking or millinery, she could repeat the fashions she had only seen in passing along the streets of Boulogne, with one or two pretty rapid movements of her hands, as she turned and twisted the ribbons and gauze her mother furnished her with. So she refurbished Mrs. Gibson's wardrobe; doing it all in a sort of contemptuous manner, the source of which Molly could not quite make out.

Day after day the course of these small frivolities was broken in upon by the news Mr. Gibson brought of Mrs. Hamley's near-

er approach to death. Molly—very often sitting by Cynthia, and surrounded by ribbon, and wire, and net—heard the bulletins like the toll of a funeral bell at a marriage feast. Her father sympathized with her. It was the loss of a dear friend to him too; but he was so accustomed to death, that it seemed to him but as it was, the natural end of all things human. To Molly, the death of some one she had known so well and loved so much was a sad and gloomy phenomenon. She loathed the small vanities with which she was surrounded, and would wander out into the frosty garden, and pace the walk, which was both sheltered and concealed by evergreens.

At length—and yet it was not so long, not a fortnight since Molly had left the Hall—the end came. Mrs. Hamley had sunk out of life as gradually as she had sunk out of consciousness and her place in this world. The quiet waves closed over her, and her place knew her no more.

"They all sent their love to you, Molly," said her father. "Roger Hamley said he knew how you would feel it."

Mr. Gibson had come in very late, and was having a solitary dinner in the dining-room. Molly was sitting near him to keep him company. Cynthia and her mother were up stairs. The latter was trying on a head-dress which Cynthia had made for her.

Molly remained down stairs after her father had gone out afresh on his final round among his town patients. The fire was growing very low, and the lights were waning. Cynthia came softly in, and taking Molly's listless hand, that hung down by her side, sat at her feet on the rug, chafing her chilly fingers without speaking. The tender action thawed the tears that had been gathering heavily at Molly's heart, and they came dropping down her cheeks.

"You loved her dearly, did you not, Molly?"

"Yes," sobbed Molly; and then there was a silence.

"Had you known her long?"

"No, not a year. But I had seen a great deal of her. I was almost like a daughter to her; she said so. Yet I never bid her good-by, or anything. Her mind became weak and confused."

"She had only sons, I think?"

"No; only Mr. Osborne and Mr. Roger Hamley. She had a daughter once—'Fanny.' Sometimes, in her illness, she used to call me 'Fanny.'"

The two girls were silent for some time, both gazing into the fire. Cynthia spoke first:—

"I wish I could love people as you do, Molly!"

"Don't you?" said the other, in surprise.

"No. A good number of people love me, I believe, or at least they think they do; but I never seem to care much for any one. I do believe I love you, little Molly, whom I have only known for ten days, better than any one."

"Not than your mother?" said Molly, in grave astonishment.

"Yes, than my mother!" replied Cynthia, half-smiling. "It's very shocking, I dare say; but it is so. Now, don't go and condemn me. I don't think love for one's mother quite comes by nature; and remember how much I have been separated from mine! I loved my father, if you will," she continued, with the force of truth in her tone, and then she stopped; "but he died when I was quite a little thing, and no one believes that I remember him. I heard mamma say to a caller, not a fortnight after his funeral, 'Oh, no, Cynthia is too young; she has quite forgotten him'—and I bit my lips, to keep from crying out, 'Papa! papa! have I?' But it's of no use. Well, then mamma had to go out as a governess; she couldn't help it, poor thing! but she didn't much care for parting with me. I was a trouble, I daresay. So I was sent to school at four years old; first one school, and then another; and in the holidays, mamma went to stay at grand houses, and I was generally left with the school mistresses. Once I went to the Towers; and mamma lectured me continually, and yet I was very naughty, I believe. And so I never went again; and I was very glad of it, for it was a horrid place."

"That it was," said Molly, who remembered her own day of tribulation there.

"And once I went to London, to stay with my uncle Kirkpatrick. He is a lawyer, and getting on now; but then he was poor enough, and had six or seven children. It was winter-time, and we were all shut up in a small house in Doughty Street. But, after all, that wasn't so bad."

"But then you lived with your mother when she began school at Ashcombe. Mr. Preston told me that, when I stayed that day at the Manor-house."

"What did he tell you?" asked Cynthia, almost fiercely.

"Nothing but that. Oh, yes! He praised your beauty, and wanted me to tell you what he had said."

"I should have hated you if you had," said Cynthia.

"Of course I never thought of doing

such a thing," replied Molly. "I didn't like him; and Lady Harriet spoke of him the next day, as if he wasn't a person to be liked."

Cynthia was quite silent. At length she said,—

"I wish I was good!"

"So do I," said Molly, simply. She was thinking again of Mrs. Hamley,—

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

and "goodness" just then seemed to her to be the only endearing thing in the world.

"Nonsense, Molly! You are good. At least, if you're not good, what am I? There's a rule-of-three sum for you to do! But it's no use talking; I am not good, and I never shall be now. Perhaps I might be a heroine still, but I shall never be a good woman, I know."

"Do you think it easier to be a heroine?"

"Yes, as far as one knows of heroines from history. I'm capable of a great jerk, an effort, and then a relaxation—but steady every-day goodness is beyond me. I must be a moral kangaroo!"

Molly could not follow Cynthia's ideas; she could not distract herself from the thoughts of the sorrowing group at the Hall.

"How I should like to see them all! and yet one can do nothing at such a time! Papa says the funeral is to be on Tuesday, and that, after that, Roger Hamley is to go back to Cambridge. It will seem as if nothing had happened! I wonder how the squire and Mr. Osborne Hamley will get on together."

"He's the eldest son, is he not? Why shouldn't he and his father get on well together?"

"Oh! I don't know. That is to say, I do know, but I think I ought not to tell."

"Don't be so pedantically truthful, Molly. Besides, your manner shows when you speak truth and when you speak falsehood, without troubling yourself to use words. I knew exactly what your 'I don't know' meant. I never consider myself bound to be truthful, so I beg we may be on equal terms."

Cynthia might well say she did not consider herself bound to be truthful; she literally said what came uppermost, without caring very much whether it was accurate or not. But there was no ill-nature, and, in a general way, no attempt at procuring any advantage for herself in all her deviations; and there was often such a latent sense of fun in them that Molly could not

help being amused with them in fact, though she condemned them in theory. Cynthia's playfulness of manner glossed such failings over with a kind of charm; and yet, at times, she was so soft and sympathetic that Molly could not resist her, even when she affirmed the most startling things. The little account she made of her own beauty pleased Mr. Gibson extremely; and her pretty deference to him won his heart. She was restless too, till she had attacked Molly's dress, after she had remodelled her mother's.

"Now for you, sweet one," said she as she began upon one of Molly's gowns. "I've been working as connoisseur until now. Now I begin as amateur."

She brought down her pretty artificial flowers, plucked out of her own best bonnet to put into Molly's, saying they would suit her complexion, and that a knot of ribbons would do well enough for her. All the time she worked, she sang; she had a sweet voice in singing, as well as in speaking, and used to run up and down her gay French chansons without any difficulty; so flexible in the art was she. Yet she did not seem to care for music. She rarely touched the piano on which Molly practised with daily conscientiousness. Cynthia was always willing to answer questions about her previous life, though, after the first, she rarely alluded to it of herself; but she was a most sympathetic listener to all Molly's innocent confidences of joys and sorrows; sympathizing even to the extent of wondering how she could endure Mr. Gibson's second marriage, and why she did not take some active steps of rebellion.

In spite of all this agreeable and pungent variety of companionship at home, Molly yearned after the Hamleys. If there had been a woman in that family she would probably have received many little notes, and heard of numerous details which were now lost to her, or summed up in condensed accounts of her father's visits at the Hall, which, since his dear patient was dead, were only occasional.

"Yes! The squire is a good deal changed; but he's better than he was. There's an unspoken estrangement between him and Osborne; one can see it in the silence and constraint of their manners; but outwardly they are friendly — civil at any rate. The squire will always respect Osborne as his heir, and the future representative of the family. Osborne doesn't look well; he says he wants change. I think he's weary of the domestic tête-à-tête, or domestic dissension. But he feels his mother's death acutely. It's a wonder that he and his father are not

drawn together by their common loss. Roger's away at Cambridge too — examination for the mathematical tripos. Altogether the aspect of both people and place is changed; it is but natural!"

Such is perhaps the summing-up of the news of the Hamleys, as contained in many bulletins. They always ended in some kind message to Molly.

Mrs. Gibson generally said, as a comment upon her husband's account of Osborne's melancholy, —

"My dear! why don't you ask him to dinner here? A little quiet dinner, you know. Cook is quite up to it; and we would all of us wear blacks and lilacs; he couldn't consider that as gaiety."

Mr. Gibson took no more notice of these suggestions than by shaking his head. He had grown accustomed to his wife by this time, and regarded silence on his own part as a great preservative against long inconsequential arguments. But every time that Mrs. Gibson was struck by Cynthia's beauty, she thought it more and more advisable that Mr. Osborne Hamley should be cheered up by a quiet little dinner-party. As yet no one but the ladies of Hollingford, and Mr. Ashton, the vicar — that hopeless and impracticable old bachelor — had seen Cynthia; and what was the good of having a lovely daughter, if there were none but old women to admire her?

Cynthia herself appeared extremely indifferent upon the subject, and took very little notice of her mother's constant talk about the gaieties that were possible, and the gaieties that were impossible, in Hollingford. She exerted herself just as much to charm the two Miss Brownings as she would have done to delight Osborne Hamley, or any other young heir. That is to say, she used no exertion, but simply followed her own nature, which was to attract every one of those she was thrown amongst. The exertion seemed rather to be to refrain from doing so, and to protest, as she so often did, by slight words and expressive looks against her mother's words and humours — alike against her folly and her caressess. Molly was almost sorry for Mrs. Gibson, who seemed so unable to gain influence over her child. One day Cynthia read Molly's thought.

"I am not good, and I told you so. Somehow I cannot forgive her for her neglect of me as a child, when I would have clung to her. Besides, I hardly ever heard from her when I was at school. And I know she put a stop to my coming over to her wedding. I saw the letter she wrote to Madame

Fléchier. A child should be brought up with its parents, if it is to think them infallible when it grows up."

"But though it may know that there must be faults," replied Molly, "it ought to cover them over and try to forget their existence."

"It ought. But don't you see I have grown up outside the pale of duty and 'oughts.' Love me as I am, sweet one, for I shall never be better."

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. GIBSON'S VISITORS.

ONE day, to Molly's infinite surprise, Mr. Preston was announced as a caller. Mrs. Gibson and she were sitting together in the drawing-room; Cynthia was out—gone into the town a-shopping—when the door was opened, the name given, and in walked the young man. His entrance seemed to cause more confusion than Molly could well account for. He came in with the same air of easy assurance with which he had received them at Ashcombe Manor-house. He looked remarkably handsome in his riding-dress, and with the open-air exercise he had just had. But Mrs. Gibson's smooth brows contracted a little at the sight of him, and her reception of him was much cooler than that which she usually gave to visitors. Yet there was a degree of agitation in it, which surprised Molly a little. Mrs. Gibson was at her everlasting worsted-work frame when Mr. Preston entered the room; but somehow, in rising to receive him, she threw down her basket of crewels, and, declining Molly's offer to help her, she would pick up all the reels herself, before she asked her visitor to sit down. He stood there, hat in hand, affecting an interest in the recovery of the worsted which Molly was sure he did not feel; for all the time his eyes were glancing round the room, and taking note of the details in the arrangement.

At length they were seated, and conversation began.

"It is the first time I have been in Holingford since your marriage, Mrs. Gibson, or I should certainly have called to pay my respects sooner."

"I know you are very busy at Ashcombe. I did not expect you to call. Is Lord Cumnor at the Towers? I have not heard from her ladyship for more than a week!"

"No! he seemed still detained at Bath. But I had a letter from him giving me certain messages for Mr. Sheepshanks. Mr. Gibson is not at home, I'm afraid?"

"No. He is a great deal out—almost constantly, I may say. I had no idea that I should see so little of him. A doctor's wife leads a very solitary life, Mr. Preston!"

"You can hardly call it solitary, I should think, when you have such a companion as Miss Gibson always at hand," said he, bowing to Molly.

"Oh, but I call it solitude for a wife when her husband is away. Poor Mr. Fitzpatrick was never happy unless I always went with him;—all his walks, all his visits, he liked me to be with him. But somehow Mr. Gibson feels as if I should be rather in his way."

"I don't think you could ride pillion behind him on Black Bess, mamma," said Molly. "And unless you could go in that way you could hardly go with him in his rounds up and down all the rough lanes."

"Oh! but he might keep a brougham! I've often said so. And then I could use it for visiting in the evenings. Really it was one reason why I didn't go to the Holingford Charity Ball. I couldn't bring myself to use the dirty fly from the Angel. We really must stir papa up against next winter, Molly; it will never do for you and"—

She pulled herself up suddenly, and looked furtively at Mr. Preston to see if he had taken any notice of her abruptness. Of course he had, but he was not going to show it. He turned to Molly, and said,—

"Have you ever been to a public ball yet, Miss Gibson?"

"No!" said Molly,

"It will be a great pleasure to you when the time comes."

"I'm not sure. I shall like it if I have plenty of partners; but I'm afraid I shan't know many people."

"And you suppose that young men haven't their own ways and means of being introduced to pretty girls?"

It was exactly one of the speeches Molly had disliked him for before; and delivered, too, in that kind of underbred manner which showed that it was meant to convey a personal compliment. Molly took great credit to herself for the unconcerned manner with which she went on with her tattling exactly as if she had never heard it.

"I only hope I may be one of your partners at the first ball you go to. Pray, remember my early application for that honour, when you are overwhelmed with requests for dances."

"I don't choose to engage myself beforehand," said Molly, perceiving, from under her dropped eyelids, that he was leaning

forward and looking at her as though he was determined to have an answer.

"Young ladies are always very cautious in fact, however modest they may be in profession," he replied, addressing himself in a nonchalant manner to Mrs. Gibson. "In spite of Miss Gibson's apprehension of not having many partners, she declines the certainty of having one. I suppose Miss Fitzpatrick will have returned from France before then?"

He said these last words exactly in the same tone as he had used before; but Molly's instinct told her that he was making an effort to do so. She looked up. He was playing with his hat, almost as if he did not care to have any answer to his question. Yet he was listening acutely, and with a half smile on his face.

Mrs. Gibson reddened a little, and hesitated. —

"Yes; certainly. My daughter will be with us next winter, I believe; and I dare say she will go out with us."

"Why can't she say at once that Cynthia is here now?" asked Molly of herself, yet glad that Mr. Preston's curiosity was baffled.

He still smiled; but this time he looked up at Mrs. Gibson, as he asked, — "You have good news from her, I hope?"

"Yes; very. By the way, how are our old friends the Robinsons? How often I think of their kindness to me at Ashcombe! Dear good people, I wish I could see them again."

"I will certainly tell them of your kind inquiries. They are very well, I believe."

Just at this moment, Molly heard the familiar sound of the click and opening of the front door. She knew it must be Cynthia; and, conscious of some mysterious reason which made Mrs. Gibson wish to conceal her daughter's whereabouts from Mr. Preston, and maliciously desirous to baffle him, she rose to leave the room, and meet Cynthia on the stairs; but one of the lost crews of worsted had entangled itself in her gown and feet, and before she had freed herself of her encumbrance, Cynthia had opened the drawing-room door, and stood in it, looking at her mother, at Molly, at Mr. Preston, but not advancing one step. Her colour, which had been brilliant the first moment of her entrance, faded away as she gazed; but her eyes — her beautiful eyes — usually so soft and grave, seemed to fill with fire, and her brows to contract, as she took the resolution to come forward and take her place among the three, who were all looking at her with different emo-

tions. She moved calmly and slowly forwards; Mr. Preston went a step or two to meet her, his hand held out, and the whole expression of his face that of eager delight.

But she took no notice of the outstretched hand, nor of the chair that he offered her. She sat down on a little sofa in one of the windows, and called Molly to her.

"Look at my purchases," said she. "This green ribbon was fourteen-pence a yard, this silk three shillings," and so she went on, forcing herself to speak about these trifles as if they were all the world to her, and she had no attention to throw away on her mother and her mother's visitor.

Mr. Preston took his cue from her. He, too, talked of the news of the day, the local gossip — but Molly, who glanced up at him from time to time, was almost alarmed by the bad expression of suppressed anger, almost amounting to vindictiveness, which entirely marred his handsome looks. She did not wish to look again; and tried rather to back up Cynthia's efforts at maintaining a separate conversation. Yet she could not help overhearing Mrs. Gibson's strain after increased civility, as if to make up for Cynthia's rudeness, and, if possible, to deprecate his anger. She talked perpetually, as though her object were to detain him; whereas previous to Cynthia's return she had allowed frequent pauses in the conversation, as though to give him the opportunity to take his leave.

In the course of the conversation between them the Hamleys came up. Mrs. Gibson was never unwilling to dwell upon Molly's intimacy with this county family; and when the tatter caught the sound of her own name, her stepmother was saying, —

"Poor Mrs. Hamley could hardly do without Molly; she quite looked upon her as a daughter, especially towards the last, when, I am afraid, she had a good deal of anxiety. Mr. Osborne Hamley — I dare say you have heard — he did not do so well at college, and they had expected so much — parents will, you know; but what did it signify? for he had not to earn his living! I call it a very foolish kind of ambition when a young man has not to go into a profession."

"Well, at any rate, the squire must be satisfied now. I saw this morning's *Times*, with the Cambridge examination lists in it. Isn't the second son called after his father, Roger?"

"Yes," said Molly, starting up, and coming nearer.

"He's senior wrangler, that's all," said

Mr. Preston, almost as though he were vexed with himself for having anything to say that could give her pleasure. Molly went back to her seat by Cynthia.

"Poor Mrs. Hamley," said she very softly, as if to herself. Cynthia took her hand, in sympathy with Molly's sad and tender look, rather than because she understood all that was passing in her mind, nor did she quite understand it herself. A death that had come out of time; a wonder if the dead knew what passed upon the earth they had left—the brilliant Osborne's failure, Roger's success; the vanity of human wishes, all these thoughts, and what they suggested, were inextricably mingled up in her mind. She came to herself in a few minutes. Mr. Preston was saying all the unpleasant things he could think of about the Hamleys in a tone of false sympathy.

"The poor old squire—not the wisest of men—has woefully mismanaged his estate. And Osborne Hamley is too fine a gentleman to understand the means by which to improve the value of the land—even if he had the capital. A man who had practical knowledge of agriculture, and some thousands of ready money, might bring the rental up to eight thousand or so. Of course, Osborne will try and marry some one with money; the family is old and well-established, and he mustn't object to commercial descent, though I daresay the squire will for him; but then the young fellow himself is not the man for the work. No! the family's going down fast; and it's a pity when these old Saxon houses vanish off the land; but it is 'kismet' with the Hamleys. Even the senior wrangler—if it is that Roger Hamley—he will have spent all his brains in one effort. You never hear of a senior wrangler being worth anything afterwards. He'll be a Fellow of his college, of course—that will be a livelihood for him at any rate."

"I believe in senior wranglers," said Cynthia, her clear high voice ringing through the room. "And from all I've ever heard of Mr. Roger Hamley, I believe he will keep up the distinction he has earned. And I don't believe that the house of Hamley is so near extinction in wealth and fame, and good name."

"They are fortunate in having Miss Kirkpatrick's good word," said Mr. Preston, rising to take his leave.

"Dear Molly," said Cynthia, in a whisper, "I know nothing about your friends

the Hamleys, except that they are your friends, and what you have told me about them. But I won't have that man speaking of them so—and your eyes filling with tears all the time. I'd sooner swear to their having all the talents and good fortune under the sun."

The only person of whom Cynthia appeared to be wholesomely afraid was Mr. Gibson. When he was present she was more careful in speaking, and showed more deference to her mother. Her evident respect for Mr. Gibson, and desire for his good opinion, made her curb herself before him; and in this manner she earned his good favour as a lively, sensible girl, with just so much knowledge of the world as made her a very desirable companion to Molly. Indeed, she made something of the same kind of impression on all men. They were first struck with her personal appearance; and then with her pretty deprecating manner, which appealed to them much as if she had said, "You are wise, and I am foolish—have mercy on my folly." It was a way she had: it meant nothing really; and she was hardly conscious of it herself; but it was very captivating all the same. Even old Williams, the gardener, felt it; he said to his confidante, Molly—

"Eh, miss, but that be a rare young lady! She do have such pretty coaxing ways. I be to teach her to bud roses come the season—and I'll warrant ye she'll learn to be sharp enough, for all she says she bees so stupid."

If Molly had not had the sweetest disposition in the world she might have become jealous of all the allegiance laid at Cynthia's feet; but she never thought of comparing the amount of admiration and love which they each received. Yet once she did feel a little as if Cynthia were poaching on her manor. The invitation to the quiet dinner had been sent to Osborne Hamley, and declined by him. But he thought it right to call soon afterwards. It was the first time Molly had seen any of the family since she left the Hall, since Mrs. Hamley's death; and there was so much that she wanted to ask. She tried to wait patiently till Mrs. Gibson had exhausted the first gush of her infinite nothings; and then Molly came in with her modest questions. How was the squire? Had he returned to his old habits? Had his health suffered?—putting each inquiry with as light and delicate a touch as if she had been dressing a wound. She hesitated a

little, a very little, before speaking of Roger; for just one moment the thought flitted across her mind that Osborne might feel the contrast between his own and his brother's college career too painfully to like to have it referred to; but then she remembered the generous brotherly love that had always existed between the two, and had just entered upon the subject, when Cynthia, in obedience to her mother's summons, came into the room, and took up her work. No one could have been quieter — she hardly uttered a word; but Osborne seemed to fall under her power at once. He no longer gave his undivided attention to Molly. He cut short his answers to her questions; and by and by, without Molly's rightly understanding how it was, he had turned towards Cynthia, and was addressing himself to her. Molly saw the look of content on Mrs. Gibson's face; perhaps it was her own mortification at not having heard all she wished to know about Roger, that gave her a keener insight than usual, but certain it is that all at once she perceived that Mrs. Gibson would not dislike a marriage between Osborne and Cynthia, and considered the present occasion as an auspicious beginning. Remembering the secret which she had been let into so unwillingly, Molly watched his behaviour, almost as if she had been retained in the interests of the absent wife; but, after all, thinking as much of the possibility of his attracting Cynthia as of the unknown and mysterious Mrs. Osborne Hamley. His manner was expressive of great interest and of strong prepossession in favour of the beautiful girl to whom he was talking. He was in deep mourning, which showed off his slight figure and delicate refined face. But there was nothing of flirting, as far as Molly understood the meaning of the word, in either looks or words. Cynthia, too, was extremely quiet; she was always much quieter with men than with women; it was part of the charm of her soft allurements that she was so passive. They were talking of France. Mrs. Gibson herself had passed two or three years of her girlhood there; and Cynthia's late return from Boulogne made it a very natural subject of conversation. But Molly was thrown out of it; and with her heart still unsatisfied as to the details of Roger's success, she had to stand up at last, and receive Osborne's good-by, scarcely longer or more intimate than his farewell to Cynthia. As soon as he was gone Mrs. Gibson began in his praise.

"Well, really, I begin to have some faith in long descent. What a gentleman he is!

How agreeable and polite! So different from that forward Mr. Preston," she continued, looking a little anxiously at Cynthia, Cynthia, quite aware that her reply was being watched for, said, coolly, —

"Mr. Preston doesn't improve on acquaintance. There was a time, mamma, when I think both you and I thought him very agreeable."

"I don't remember. You've a clearer memory than I have. But we were talking of this delightful Mr. Osborne Hamley. Why, Molly, you were always talking of his brother — it was Roger this, and Roger that — I can't think how it was you so seldom mentioned this young man."

"I did not know I had mentioned Mr. Roger Hamley so often," said Molly, blushing a little. "But I saw much more of him — he was more at home."

"Well, well! It's all right, my dear. I dare say he suits you best. But really, when I saw Osborne Hamley close to my Cynthia, I couldn't help thinking — but perhaps I'd better not tell you what I was thinking of. Only they are each of them so much above the average in appearance; and, of course, that suggests things."

"I perfectly understand what you were thinking of, mamma," said Cynthia, with the greatest composure; "and so does Molly, I have no doubt."

"Well! there's no harm in it, I'm sure. Did you hear him say that, though he did not like to leave his father alone just at present, yet that when his brother Roger came back from Cambridge, he should feel more at liberty? It was quite as much as to say, 'If you will ask me to dinner then, I shall be delighted to come.' And chickens will be so much cheaper, and cook has such a nice way of boning them, and doing them up with forcemeat. Everything seems to be falling out so fortunately. And Molly, my dear, you know I won't forget you. By and by, when Roger Hamley has taken his turn at stopping at home with his father, we will ask him to one of our little quiet dinners."

Molly was very slow at taking this in; but in about a minute the sense of it had reached her brain, and she went all over very red and hot; especially as she saw that Cynthia was watching the light come into her mind with great amusement.

"I'm afraid Molly isn't properly grateful, mamma. If I were you, I wouldn't exert myself to give a dinner-party on her account. Bestow all your kindness upon me."

Molly was often puzzled by Cynthia's speeches to her mother; and this was one of

these occasions. But she was more anxious to say something for herself; she was so much annoyed at the implication in Mrs. Gibson's last words.

"Mr. Roger Hamley has been very good to me; he was a great deal at home when I was there, and Mr. Osborne Hamley was very little there: that was the reason I spoke so much more of one than the other. If I had—if he had,"—losing her coherence in the difficulty of finding words,—“I don't think I should. Oh, Cynthia, instead of laughing at me, I think you might help me to explain myself!”

Instead, Cynthia gave a diversion to the conversation.

"Mamma's paragon gives me an idea of weakness. I can't quite make out whether it is in body or mind. Which is it, Molly?"

"He is not strong, I know; but he is very accomplished and clever. Every one says

that,—even papa, who doesn't generally praise young men. That made the puzzle the greater when he did so badly at college."

"Then it's his character that is weak. I'm sure there's weakness somewhere; but he's very agreeable. It must have been very pleasant, staying at the Hall."

"Yes; but it's all over now."

"Oh, nonsense" said Mrs. Gibson, wakening up from counting the stitches in her pattern. "We shall have the young men coming to dinner pretty often, you'll see. Your father likes them, and I shall always make a point of welcoming his friends. They can't go on mourning for a mother for ever. I expect we shall see a great deal of them, and that the two families will become very intimate. After all, these good Hollingford people are terribly behindhand, and, I should say, rather commonplace."

INDIFFERENCE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I MUST not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair,
And they that lovely face who view,
They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
Wounded by men, by Fortune tried;
Outwearied with their lonely parts,
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear;
Their lot was but to weep and moan.
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant breath
Has charmed at birth from gloom and care,
These ask no love—these plight no faith,
For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make,
And garlands for their forehead weave.
And what the world can give, they take:
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world: their ears
To one demand alone are coy.
They will not give us love and tears—
They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

It was not love that heaved thy breast,
Fair child! it was the bliss within.
Adieu! and say that one, at least,
Was just to what he did not win.

HYMN SUNG AT THE UNION LEAGUE,
PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 4, 1865.

Air—Old Hundred.

THANK God! the bloody days are past,
Our patient hopes are crowned at last;
And sounds of bugle, drum and fife,
But lead our heroes home from strife!

Thank God, there beams o'er land and sea
Our blazing star of victory;
And everywhere, from main to main,
The old flag flies and rules again!

Thank God, O dark and trodden race,
Your Lord no longer veils his face,
But through the clouds and woes of fight
Shines on your souls a better light!

Thank God, we see on every hand
Breast-high the ripening grain-crops stand,
The orchards bend, the herds increase;
But O, thank God, thank God for Peace!
—George H Boker.

PART III.

CHAPTER IX. — A BREAKFAST AT THE VICARAGE.

ON the day after the picnic Sir Brook went by invitation to breakfast with the Vicar.

"When a man asks you to dinner," said Fossbrooke, "he generally wants you to talk; when he asks you to breakfast, he wants to talk to you."

Whatever be the truth of this adage generally, it certainly had its application in the present case. The Vicar wanted very much to talk to Sir Brook.

As they sat, therefore, over their coffee and devilled kidneys, chatting over the late excursion, and hinting at another, the Vicar suddenly said, "By the way, I want you to tell me something of the young fellow who was one of us yesterday. Tobin, our doctor here, who is a perfect commission-agent for scandal, says he is the greatest scamp going; that about eight or ten months ago the 'Times' was full of his exploits in bankruptcy; that his liabilities were tens of thousands — assets *nil*. In a word, that notwithstanding his frank, honest look, and his unaffected manner, he is the most accomplished scapegrace of the age."

"And how much of this do you believe?" asked Sir Brook, as he helped himself to coffee.

"That is not so easy to reply to; but I tell you, if you ask me, that I'd rather not believe one word of it."

"Nor need you. His Colonel told me something about the young fellow's difficulties; he himself related the rest. He went most recklessly into debt, betted largely on races, and lost; lent freely, and lost; raised ruinous interest, and renewed it still more at more ruinous: but his father has paid every shilling of it out of that fortune which one day was to have come to him, so Lionel's thirty thousand pounds is now about eight thousand. I have put the whole story into the fewest possible words, but that's the substance of it."

"And has it cured him of extravagance?"

"Of course it has not. How should it? You have lived some more years in the world than he has, and I a good many more than you, and will you tell me that time has cured either of us of any of our old shortcomings? *Non sum qualis eram* means, I can't be as wild as I used to be."

"No, no; I won't agree to that. I protest most strongly against the doctrine.

Many men are wiser through experience, and consequently better."

"I sincerely believe I knew the world better at four-and-twenty than I know it now. The reason why we are less often deceived in after than in early life is not that we are more crafty or more keen-eyed. It is simply because we risk less. Let us hazard as much at sixty as we once did at six-and-twenty, and we'll lose as heavily."

The Vicar paused a few moments over the other's words, and then said, "To come back to this young man, I half suspect he has formed an attachment to Lucy, and that he is doing his utmost to succeed in her favour."

"And is there anything wrong in that, Doctor?"

"Not positively wrong; but there is what may lead to a great deal of unhappiness. Who is to say how Trafford's family would like the connection? Who is to answer for Lendrick's approval of Trafford?"

"You induce me to make a confidence I have no right to impart; but I rely so implicitly on your discretion. I will tell you what was intrusted to me as a secret: Trafford has already written to his father to ask his consent."

"Without speaking to Lendrick? without even being sure of Lucy's?"

"Yes, without knowing anything of either; but on my advice he has first asked his father's permission to pay his addresses to the young lady. His position with his family is peculiar; he is a younger son, but not exactly as free as most younger sons feel to act for themselves. I cannot now explain this more fully, but it is enough if you understand that he is entirely dependent on his father. When I came to know this, and when I saw that he was becoming desperately in love, I insisted on this appeal to his friends before he either entangled Lucy in a promise or even made any declaration himself. He showed me the letter before he posted it. It was all I could wish. It is not a very easy task for a young fellow to tell his father he's in love; but he, in the very frankness of his nature, acquitted himself well and manfully."

"And what answer has he received?"

"None as yet. Two posts have passed. He might have heard through either of them; but no letter has come, and he is feverously uneasy and anxious."

The Vicar was silent, but a grave motion of his head implied doubt and fear.

"Yes," said Sir Brook, answering the gesture — "yes, I agree with you. The Traffords are great folks in their own country

Trafford was a strong place in Saxon times. They have pride enough for all this blood, and wealth enough for both pride and blood."

"They'd find their match in Lendrick, quiet and simple as he seems," said the Vicar.

"Which makes the matter worse. Who is to give way? Who is to *céder le pas*?"

"I am not so sure I should have advised that letter. I am inclined to think I would have counselled more time, more consideration. Fathers and mothers are prudently averse to these loves at first sight, and they are merciless in dealing with what they deem a mere passing sentiment."

"Better that than suffer him to engage the girl's affections, and then learn that he must either desert her or marry her against the feeling of his family. Let us have a stroll in the garden. I have made you one confidence; I will now make you another."

They lit their cigars, and strolled out into a long alley fenced on one side by a tall, dense hedge of laurels, and flanked on the other by a low wall, over which the view took in the wide reach of the river and the distant mountains of Scariff and Meelick.

"Was not that where we picnicked yesterday?" asked Sir Brook, pointing to an island in the distance.

"No; you cannot see Holy Island from this."

Sir Brook smoked on for some minutes without a word; at last, with a sort of abruptness, he said, "She was so like her, not only in face and figure, but her manner; the very tone of her voice was like; and then that half-caressing, half-timid way she has in conversation, and, more than all, the sly quietness with which she caps you when you fancy that the smart success is all your own."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of another Lucy," said Sir Brook, with a deep melancholy. "Heaven grant that the resemblance follow them not in their lives as in their features. It was that likeness, however, which first attracted me towards Miss Lendrick. The first moment I saw her it overcame me; as I grew to know her better it almost confused me, and made me jumble in your hearing things of long ago with the present. Time and space were both forgotten, and I found my mind straying away to scenes in the Himalaya with those I shall never see more. It was thus that, one day carried away by this delusion, I chanced to call her Lucy, and she laughingly begged me not to retract it, but so to call her always." For some minutes he was

silent, and then resumed, "I don't know if you ever heard of a Colonel Frank Dillon, who served on Napier's staff in Scinde. Fiery Frank was his nickname among his comrades, but it only applied to him on the field of battle and with an enemy in front. Then he was indeed fiery — the excitement rose to almost madness, and led him to acts of almost incredible daring. At Meancee he was nearly cut to pieces, and as he lay wounded and to all appearance dying, he received a lance-wound through the chest that the surgeon declared must prove fatal. He lived, however, for eight months after — he lived long enough to reach the Himalayas, where his daughter, an only child, joined him from England. On her way out she became acquainted with a young officer, who was coming out as aide-de-camp to the Governor-General. They were constantly thrown together on the journey, and his attentions to her soon showed the sentiments he had conceived for her. In fact, very soon after Lucy had joined her father, Captain Sewell appeared 'in the hills' to make a formal demand of her in marriage.

"I was there at the time, and I remember well poor Dillon's expression of disappointment after the first meeting with him. His daughter's enthusiastic description of his looks, his manner, his abilities, his qualities generally, had perhaps prepared him for too much. Indeed, Lucy's own intense admiration for the soldier-like character of her father's features assisted the mistake, for, as Dillon said, 'There must be a dash of the *sabreur* in the fellow that will win Lucy.' I came into Dillon's room immediately after the first interview. The instant I caught his eye I read what was going on in his brain. 'Sit down here, Brook,' cried he, 'sit in my chair here,' and he arose painfully as he spoke; 'I'll show you the man;' with this he hobbled over to a table where his cap lay, and, placing it rakishly on one side of his head, he stuck his eyeglass in one eye, and, with a hand in his trousers-pocket, lounged forward towards where I sat, saying, 'How d'ye do, Colonel? wound doing better, I hope. The breezy climate up here soon set you up.' Familiar enough this, sir, cried Dillon, in his own stern voice; 'but without time to breathe, as it were — before almost I had exchanged a greeting with him — he entered upon the object of his journey. I scarcely heard a word he said; I knew its purport — I could mark the theme — but no more. It was not the fellow himself that filled my mind; my whole thoughts were upon my daughter, and I went on repeating

to myself, 'Good heavens! is this Lucy's choice? Am I in a trance? Is it this contemptible cur—for he was a cur, sir—that has won the affections of my darling, high-hearted, generous girl! Is the romantic spirit that I have so loved to see in her to bear no better fruit than this? Does the fellow realize to her mind the hero that fills men's thoughts?' I was so overcome, so excited, so confused, Brook, that I begged him to leave me for a while, that one of my attacks of pain was coming on, and that I should not be able to converse farther. He said something about trying one of his cheroots—some impertinence or other, I forget what; but he left me, and I, who never knew a touch of girlish weakness in my life, who when a child had no mood of softness in my nature—I felt the tears trickling along my cheeks, and my eyes dimmed with them. My poor friend," continued Fossbrooke, "could not go on, his emotions mastered him, and he sat with his head buried between his hands and in silence. At last he said, 'She'll not give him up, Brook; I have spoken to her—she actually loves him. Good heavens!' he cried, 'how little do we know about our children's hearts! how far astray are we as to the natures that have grown up beside us, imbibing, as we thought, our hopes, our wishes, and our prejudices! We awake some day to discover that some other influence has crept in to undo our teachings, and that the fidelity on which we would have staked our lives has changed allegiance.'

"He talked to me long in this strain, and I saw that the effects of this blow to all his hope had made themselves deeply felt on his chance of recovery. It only needed a great shock to depress him to make his case hopeless. Within two months after his daughter's arrival he was no more.

"I became Lucy's guardian. Poor Dillon gave me the entire control over her future fortune, and left me to occupy towards her the place he had himself held. I believe that next to her father I held the best place in her affections—of such affections, I mean, as are accorded to a parent. I was her godfather, and from her earliest infancy she had learned to love me. The reserve, it was positive coldness, with which Dillon had always treated Sewell had caused a certain distance, for the first time in their lives, between the father and daughter. She thought, naturally enough, that her father was unjust; that, unaccustomed to the new tone of manners which had grown up amongst young men—their greater ease, their less rigid observance of ceremonial, their more liberal

self-indulgence—he was unfairly severe upon her lover. She was annoyed, too, that Sewell's attempts to conciliate the old man should have turned out such complete failures.

But none of these prejudices extended to me, and she counted much on the good understanding that she expected to find grow up between us.

"If I could have prevented the marriage I would. I learned many things of the man that I disliked. There is no worse sign of a man than to be at the same time a man of pleasure and friendless. These he was—he was foremost in every plan of amusement and dissipation, and yet none liked him. Vain fellows get quizzed for their vanity, and selfish men laughed at for their selfishness, and close men for their avarice; but there is a combination of vanity, egotism, small craftiness, and self-preservation in certain fellows that is totally repugnant to all companionship. Their lives are a series of petty successes, not owing to any superior ability or greater boldness of daring, but to a studious outlook for small opportunities. They are ever alive to know the 'right man,' to be invited to the 'right house,' to say the 'right thing.' Never linked with whatever is in disgrace or misfortune, they are always found backing the winning horse, if not riding him.

"Such men as these, so long as the world goes well with them, and events turn out fortunately, are regarded simply as sharp, shrewd fellows, with a keen eye to their own interests. When, however, the weight of any misfortune comes, when the time arrives that they have to bear up against the hard pressure of life, these fellows come forth in their true colours, swindlers and cheats.

"Such was he. Finding that I was determined to settle the small fortune her father had left her inalienably on herself, he defeated me by a private marriage. He then launched out into a life of extravagance to which their means bore no proportion. I was a rich man in those days, and knew nothing better to do with my money than assist the daughter of my oldest friend. The gallant Captain did not balk my good intentions. He first accepted, he then borrowed, and last of all he forged my name. I paid the bills and saved him, not for his sake, I need not tell you, but for hers, who threw herself at my feet, and implored me not to see them ruined. Even this act of hers he turned to profit. He wrote to me to say that he knew his wife had been to my house, that he had long nurtured suspicions against me—I that was many years older

than her own father—that for the future he desired all acquaintance should cease between us, and that I should not again cross his threshold.

"By what persuasions or by what menaces he led his wife to the step, I do not know; but she passed me when we met without a recognition. This was the hardest blow of all. I tried to write her a letter; but after a score of attempts I gave it up, and left the place.

"I never saw her for eight years. I wish I had not seen her then. I am an old, hardened man of the world, one whom life has taught all its lessons to in the sternest fashion. I have been so baffled, and beaten, and thrown back by all my attempts to think well of the world, that nothing short of a dogged resolution not to desert my colours has rescued me from a cold misanthropy; and yet, till I saw, I did not believe there was a new pang of misery my heart had not tasted. What! it is incredible—surely that is not she who once was Lucy Dillon—that bold-faced woman with lustrous eyes and rouged cheeks—brilliant, indeed, and beautiful, but not the beauty that is allied to the thought of virtue—whose every look is a wile, whose every action is entanglement. She was leaning on a great man's arm, and in the smile she gave him told me she knew how to purchase such distinctions. He noticed me, and shook my hand as I passed. I heard him tell her who I was; and I heard her say that I had been a hanger-on, a sort of dependant, of her father's, but she never liked me! I tried to laugh, but the pain was too deep. I came away, and saw her no more."

He ceased speaking, and for some time they walked along side by side without a word. At last he broke out—"Don't believe the people who say that men are thought by anything they experience in life. Outwardly they may affect it. They may assume this or that manner. The heart cannot play the hypocrite, and no frequency of disaster diminishes the smart. The wondrous resemblance Miss Lendrick bears to Lucy Dillon renews to my memory the bright days of her early beauty, when her poor father would call her to sit down at his feet and read to him, that he might gaze at will on her, weaving whole histories of future happiness and joy for her. 'Is it not like sunshine in the room to see her, Brook?' would he whisper to me. 'I only heard her voice as she passed under my window this morning, and I forgot some dark thought that was troubling me.' And there was no exaggeration in this. The sweet music of

her tones vibrated so softly on the ear, they soothed the sense, just as we feel soothed by the gentle ripple of a stream.

"All these times come back to me since I have been here, and I cannot tell you how the very sorrow that is associated with them has its power over me. Every one knows with what attachment the heart will cling to some little spot in a far-away land that reminds one of a loved place at home—how we delight to bring back old memories, and how we even like to name old names, to cheat ourselves back into the past. So it is that I feel when I see this girl. The other Lucy was once as my daughter; so, too, do I regard her, and with this comes that dreadful sorrow I have told you of, giving my interest in her an intensity unspeakable. When I saw Trafford's attention to her, the only thing I thought of was how unlike he was to him who won the other Lucy. His frank, unaffected bearing, his fine, manly trustfulness, the very opposite to the other's qualities, made me his friend at once. When I say friend, I mean well-wisher, for my friendship now bears no other fruit. Time was when it was otherwise."

"What is it, William?" cried the Vicar, as his servant came hurriedly forward.

"There's a gentleman in the drawing-room, sir, wants to see Sir Brook Fossbrooke."

"Have I your leave?" said the old man, bowing low. "I'll join you here immediately."

Within a few moments he was back again. "It was Trafford. He has just got a telegram to call him to his regiment. He suspects something has gone wrong; and seeing his agitation, I offered to go back with him. We start within an hour."

CHAPTER X.

LENDRICK RECOUNTS HIS VISIT TO TOWN.

THE Vicar having some business to transact in Limerick, agreed to go that far with Sir Brook and Trafford, and accompanied them to the railroad to see them off.

A down train from Dublin arrived as they were waiting, and a passenger descending, hastily hurried after the Vicar and seized his hand. The Vicar, in evident delight, forgot his other friends for a moment, and became deeply interested in the new-comer. "We must say good-bye, Doctor," said Fossbrooke, "here comes our train."

A thousand pardons, my dear Sir Brook. The unlooked-for arrival of my friend here

— but I believe you don't know him. Lendrick, come here. I want to present you to Sir Brook Fossbrooke. Captain Trafford, Dr. Lendrick."

"I hope these gentlemen are not departing," said Lendrick, with the constraint of a bashful man.

"It is our misfortune to do so," said Sir Brook; "but I have passed too many happy hours in this neighbourhood not to come back to it as soon as I can."

"I hope we shall see you. I hope I may have an opportunity of thanking you, Sir Brook."

"Dublin! Dublin! Dublin! get in, gentlemen; first class, this way, sir," screamed a guard, amidst a thundering rumble, a scream, and a hiss. All other words were drowned, and with a cordial shake-hands the new friends parted.

"Is the younger man his son?" asked Lendrick; "I did not catch the name?"

"No, he's Trafford, a son of Sir Hugh Trafford—a Lincolnshire man, isn't he?"

"I don't know. It was of the other I was thinking. I felt it so strange to see a man of whom when a boy I used to hear so much. I have an old print somewhere of two overdressed 'Bloods,' as they were called in those days, with immense whiskers, styled 'Fossy and Fussy,' meaning Sir Brook and the Baron Geramb, a German friend and follower of the Prince."

"I suspect a good deal changed since that day, in person as well as purse," said the Vicar, sadly.

"Indeed! I heard of his having inherited some immense fortune."

"So he did, and squandered every shilling of it."

"And the chicks are well, you tell me?" said Lendrick, whose voice softened as he talked of home and his children.

"Couldn't be better. We had a little picnic on Holy Island yesterday, and only wanted yourself to have been perfectly happy. Lucy was for refusing at first."

"Why so?"

"Some notion she had that you wouldn't like it. Some idea about not doing in your absence anything that was not usual when you are here."

"She is such a true girl, so loyal," said Lendrick, proudly.

"Well, I take the treason on my shoulders. I made her come. It was a delightful day, and we drank your health in as good a glass of Madeira as ever ripened in the sun. Now for your own news?"

"First let us get on the road. I am impatient to be back at home again. Have you your car here?"

"All is ready, and waiting for you at the gate."

As they drove briskly along, Lendrick gave the Vicar a detailed account of his visit to Dublin. Passing over the first days, of which the reader already has heard something, we take up the story from the day on which Lendrick learned that his father would see him.

"My mind was so full of myself, Doctor," said he, "of all the consequences which had followed from my father's anger with me, that I had no thought of anything else till I entered the room where he was. Then, however, as I saw him propped up with pillows in a deep chair, his face pale, his eyes colourless, and his head swathed up in a bandage after leeching, my heart sickened, alike with sorrow and shame at my great selfishness."

"I had been warned by Beattie on no account to let any show of feeling or emotion escape me, to be as cool and collected as possible, and in fact, he said, to behave as though I had seen him the day before."

"Leave the room, Poynder," said he to his man, 'and suffer no one to knock at the door—mind, not even to knock, till I ring my bell.' He waited till the man withdrew, and then, in a very gentle voice, said, 'How are you, Tom? I can't give you my right hand—the rebellious member has ceased to know me!' I thought I should choke as the words met me; I don't remember what I said, but I took my chair and sat down beside him."

"I thought you might have been too much agitated, Tom, but otherwise I should have wished to have had your advice along with Beattie. I believe, on the whole, however, he has treated me well."

"I assured him that none could have done more skillfully."

"The skill of the doctor with an old patient is the skill of an architect with an old wall. He must not breach it, or it will tumble to pieces."

"Beattie is very able, sir," said I.

"No man is able," replied he, quickly, 'when the question is to repair the wastes of time and years. Draw that curtain, and let me look at you. No; stand yonder, where the light is stronger. What! is it my eyes deceive me—is your hair white?'

"It has been so eight years, sir."

"And I had not a gray hair till my seventy-second year—not one. I told Beattie, t'other day, that the race of the strong was dying out. Good heavens, how old you look! Would any one believe in seeing us that you could be my son?"

"I feel perhaps even more than I look it, sir."

"I could swear you did. You are the very stamp of those fellows who plead guilty — guilty, my lord; we throw ourselves on the mercy of the court. I don't know how the great judgment-seat regards these pleas — with *me* they meet only scorn. Give me the man who says, 'Try me, test me.' Drop that curtain, and draw the screen across the fire. Speak lower too, my dear," said he, in a weak soft voice; "you suffer yourself to grow excited, and you excite *me*."

"I will be more cautious, sir," said I.

"What are these drops he is giving me? They have an acrid sweet taste."

"Aconite, sir; a weak solution."

"They say that our laws never forgot feudalism, but I declare I believe medicine has never been able to ignore alchemy; drop me out twenty, I see that your hand does not shake. Strange thought, is it not, to feel that a little phial like that could make a new Baron of the Exchequer? You have heard, I suppose, of the attempts — the indecent attempts — to induce me to resign. You have heard what they say of my age. They quote the registry of my baptism, as though it were the date of a conviction. I have yet to learn that the years a man has devoted to his country's service are counts in the indictment against his character. Age has been less merciful to me than to my fellows — it has neither made me deaf to rancour nor blind to ingratitude. I told the Lord-Lieutenant so yesterday."

"You saw him then, sir?" asked I.

"Yes, he was gracious enough to call here; he sent his secretary to ask if I would receive a visit from him. I thought that a little more tact might have been expected from a man in his station — it is the common gift of those in high places. I perceive," added he, after a pause, "you don't see what I mean. It is this: royalties, or mock royalties, for they are the same in this, condescend to these visits as death-bed attentions. They come to us with their courtesies as the priest comes with his holy cruet, only when they have the assurance that we are beyond recovery. His excellency ought to have felt that the man to whom he proposed this attention was not one to misunderstand its significance."

"Did he remain long, sir?"

"Two hours and forty minutes. I measured it by my watch."

"Was the fatigue not too much for you?"

"Of course it was; I fainted before he got to his carriage. He twice rose to go away, but on each occasion I had something to say that induced him to sit down again. It was the whole case of Ireland we reviewed — that is, *I* did. I deployed the six millions before him, and he took the salute. Yes, sir, education, religious animosities, land-tenure, drainage, emigration, secret societies, the rebel priest and the intolerant parson, even nationality and mendicant insolence, all marched past, and he took the salute! "And now, my Lord," said I, "it is the man who tells you these things, who has the courage to tell, and the ability to display them, and it is this man for whose retirement your Excellency is so eager, that you have actually deigned to make him a visit, that he may carry away into the next world, perhaps, a pleasing memory of this; it is this man, I say, whom you propose to replace, — and by what, my Lord, and by whom? Will a mere lawyer, will any amount of *nisi prius* craft or precedent, give you the qualities you need on that bench, or or that you need, sadly need, at this council-board? Go back, my Lord, and tell your colleagues of the Cabinet that Providence is more merciful than a Premier, and that the same overruling hand that has sustained me through this trial, will uphold me, I trust, for years, to serve my country, and save it for some time longer from your blundering legislation."

"He stood up, sir, like a prisoner when under sentence; he stood up, sir, and as he bowed, I waved my adieu to him as though saying, You have heard me, and you are not to carry away from this place a hope, the faintest, that any change will come over the determination I have this day declared."

"He went away, and I fainted. The exertion was too long sustained, too much for me. I believe, after all," added he, with a smile, "his Excellency bore it very little better. He told the Archbishop the same evening that he'd not go through another such morning for 'the garter.' Men in his station hear so little of truth, that it revolts them like coarse diet. They'd rather abstain altogether till forced by actual hunger to touch it. When they come to me, however, it is the only fare they will find before them."

"There was a long pause after this," continued Lendrick. "I saw that the theme had greatly excited him, and I forbore to say a word, lest he should be led to resume it. 'Too old for the bench!' burst he out suddenly, 'my Lord, there are men who are never too old, as there are those who are

never too young. The oak is but a sapling when the pine is in decay. Is there that glut of intellect just now in England, are we so surfeited with ability, that, to make room for the coming men, we, who have made our mark on the age, must retire into obscurity?' He tried to rise from his seat; his face was flushed, and his eyes flashing; he evidently forgot where he was, and with whom, for he sank back with a faint sigh, and said, 'Let us talk of it no more. Indeed it was to talk of something else I desired to see you.' He went on then to say that he wished something could be done for me. His own means were, he said, sadly crippled; he spoke bitterly, resentfully, I thought. 'It is too long a story to enter on, and, were it briefer, too disagreeable a one,' added he. 'I ought to be a rich man, and I am poor; I should be powerful, and I have no influence. All has gone ill with me.' After a silence, he continued, 'They have a place to offer you; the inspectorship, I think they call it, of hospitals at the Cape; it is worth altogether nigh a thousand a-year, a thing not to be refused.'

"The offer could only be made in compliment to you, sir; and if my acceptance were to compromise your position"—

"Compromise me!" broke he in. 'I'll take care it shall not. No man need instruct me in the art of self-defence, sir. Accept at once.'

"I will do whatever you desire, sir," was my answer.

"Go out there yourself alone, at first, I mean. Let your boy continue his college career; the girl shall come to me."

"I have never been separated from my children, sir," said I, almost trembling with anxiety.

"Such separations are bearable," added he, "when it is duty dictates them, not disobedience."

"He fixed his eyes sternly on me, and I trembled as I thought that the long score of years was at last come to the reckoning. He did not dwell on the theme, however, but in a tone of much gentler meaning went on, 'It will be an act of mercy to let me see a loving face, to hear a tender voice. Your boy would be too rough for me.'

"You would like him, sir. He is thoroughly truthful and honest."

"So he may, and yet be self-willed, be noisy, be over-redolent of that youth which age resents like outrage. Give me the girl, Tom; let her come here, and bestow some of those loving graces on the last hours of my life her looks show she should be rich in. For your sake she will be kind to me.

Who knows what charm there may be in gentleness, even to a tiger-nature like mine? Ask her, at least, if she will make the sacrifice.'

"I knew not what to answer. If I could not endure the thought of parting from Lucy, yet it seemed equally impossible to refuse his entreaty, old, friendless, and deserted as he was. I felt, besides, that my only hope of a real reconciliation with him lay through this road; deny him this, and it was clear he would never see me more. He said, too, it should only be for a season. I was to see how the place, the climate, suited for a residence. In a word, every possible argument to reconcile me to the project rushed to my mind, and I at last said, 'Lucy shall decide, sir. I will set out for home at once, and you shall have her own answer.'

"Uninfluenced, sir," cried he; "mind that. If influence were to be used, I could, perhaps, tell her what might decide her at once; but I would not that pity should plead for me, till she should have seen if I be worth compassion! There is but one argument I will permit in my favour—tell her that her picture has been my pleasantest companion these three long days. There it lies, always before me. Go, now, and let me hear from you as soon as may be." I arose, but somehow my agitation, do what I would, mastered me. It was so long since we had met! All the sorrows the long estrangement had cost me came to my mind, together with little touches of his kindness in long-past years, and I could not speak. 'Poor Tom, poor Tom!' said he, drawing me towards him; and he kissed me."

As Lendrick said this, emotion overcame him, and he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed bitterly. More than a mile of road was traversed before a word passed between them. "There they are, Doctor! There's Tom, there's Lucy! They are coming to meet me," cried he. "Good-bye, Doctor; you'll forgive me, I know—good-bye;" and he sprang off the car as he spoke, while the Vicar, respecting the sacredness of the joy, wheeled his horse around, and drove back towards the town.

CHAPTER XI.

CAVE CONSULTS SIR BROOK.

A FEW minutes after the Adjutant had informed Colonel Cave that Lieutenant Trafford had reported himself, Sir Brook entered the Colonel's quarters, eager to know what was the reason of the sudden recall of Trafford, and whether the regiment

had been unexpectedly ordered for foreign service.

"No, no," said Cave, in some confusion. "We have had our turn of India and the Cape; they can't send us away again for some time. It was purely personal; it was, I may say, a private reason. You know," added he, with a slight smile, "I am acting as a sort of guardian to Trafford just now. His family sent him over to me, as to a reformatory."

"From everything I have seen of him, your office will be an easy one."

"Well, I suspect that, so far as mere wildness goes — extravagance and that sort of thing — he has had enough of it; but there are mistakes that a young fellow may make in life — mistakes in judgment — which will damage him more irreparably than all his derelictions against morality."

"That I deny — totally, entirely deny. I know what you mean — that is, I think I know what you mean; and if I guess aright, I am distinctly at issue with you on this matter."

"Perhaps I could convince you, notwithstanding. Here's a letter which I have no right to show you; it is marked, 'Strictly confidential and private.' You shall read it — nay, you must read it — because you are exactly the man to be able to give advice on the matter. You like Trafford, and wish him well. Read that over carefully, and tell me what you would counsel."

Fossbrooke took out his spectacles, and having seated himself comfortably, with his back to the light, began in leisurely fashion to peruse the letter. "It's his mother who writes," said he, turning to the signature — "one of the most worldly women I ever met. She was a Lascelles. Don't you know how she married Trafford?"

"I don't remember if I ever heard."

"It was her sister that Trafford wanted to marry, but she was ambitious to be a peeress; and as Bradbrook was in love with her, she told Sir Hugh, 'I have got a sister so like me nobody can distinguish between us. She'd make an excellent wife for you. She rides far better than me, and she isn't half so extravagant. I'll send for her.' She did so, and the whole thing was settled in a week."

"They have lived very happily together."

"Of course they have. They didn't 'go in,' as the speculators say, for enormous profits; they realized very fairly, and was satisfied. I wish her handwriting had been more cared for. What's this she says here about a subscription?"

"That's supervision — the supervision of a parent."

"Supervision of a fiddlestick! the fellow is six feet one inch high, and seven-and-twenty years of age; he's quite beyond supervision. Ah! brought back all his father's gout, has he? When will people begin to admit that their own tempers have something to say to their maladies? I curse the cook who made the mulligatawny, but I forget that I ate two platefuls of it. So it's the Doctor's daughter she objects to. I wish she saw her. I wish you saw her, Cave. You are an old frequenter of courts and drawing-rooms. I tell you you have seen nothing like this doctor's daughter since Laura Bedingfield was presented, and that was before your day."

"Every one has heard of the Beauty Bedingfield; but she was my mother's contemporary."

"Well, sir, her successors have not eclipsed her! This doctor's daughter, as your correspondent calls her, is the only rival of her that I have ever seen. As to wit and accomplishments, Laura could not compete with Lucy Lendrick."

"You know her, then?" asked the Colonel; and then added, "Tell me something about the family."

"With your leave I will finish this letter first. Ah! here we have the whole secret. Lionel Trafford is likely to be that precious prize, an eldest son. Who could have thought that the law of entail could sway a mother's affections? 'Contract no ties inconsistent with his station.' This begins to be intolerable, Cave. I don't think I can go on."

"Yes, yes; read it through."

"She asks you if you know any one who knows these Hendrichs or Lendrichs; tell her that you do; tell her that your friend is one of those men who have seen a good deal of life, heard more too than he has seen. She will understand that, and that his name is Sir Brook Fossbrooke, who, if needed, will think nothing of a journey over to Lincolnshire to afford her all the information she could wish for. Say this, Cave, and take my word for it, she will put very few more questions to you."

"That would be to avow I had already consulted with you. No, no; I must not do that."

"The wind-up of the epistle is charming. 'I have certainly no reason to love Ireland.' Poor Ireland! here is another infliction upon you. Let us hope you may never come to know that Lady Trafford cannot love you."

"Come, come, Fossbrooke, be just, be fair; there is nothing so very unreasonable in the anxiety of a mother that her son who

will have a good name and a large estate should not share them both with a person beneath him."

"Why must she assume that this is the case—why take it for granted that this girl must be beneath him? I tell you, sir, if a prince of the blood had fallen in love with her, it would be a reason to repeal the Royal Marriage Act."

"I declare, Fossbrooke, I shall begin to expect that your own heart has not escaped scatheless," said Cave, laughing.

The old man's face became crimson, but not with anger. As suddenly it grew pale; and in a voice of deep agitation he said, "When an old man like myself lays his homage at her feet, it is not hard to believe how a young man might love her."

"How did you come to make this acquaintance?" said Cave, anxious to turn the conversation into a more familiar channel.

"We chanced to fall in with her brother on the river. We found him struggling with a fish far too large for his tackle, and which at last smashed his rod and got away. He showed not alone that he was a perfect angler, but that he was a fine-tempered fellow, who accepted his defeat manfully and well; he had even a good word for his enemy, sir, and it was that which attracted me. Trafford and he, young-men-like, soon understood each other; he came into our boat, lunched with us, and asked us home with him to tea. There's the whole story. As to the intimacy that followed, it was mostly my own doing. I own to you I never so much as suspected that Trafford was smitten by her; he was always with her brother, scarcely at all in her company; and when he came to tell me he was in love, I asked him how he caught the malady, for I never saw him near the infection. Once that I knew of the matter, however, I made him write home to his family."

"It was by your advice, then, that he wrote that letter?"

"Certainly; I not only advised, I insisted on it—I read it, too, before it was sent off. It was such a letter as, if I had been the young fellow's father, would have made me prouder than to hear he had got the thanks of Parliament."

"You and I, Fossbrooke, are old bachelors; we are scarcely able to say what we should have done if we had had sons."

"I am inclined to believe it would have made us better, not worse," said Fossbrooke, gravely.

"At all events, as it was at your instigation this letter was written, I can't well

suggest your name as an impartial person in the transaction—I mean, as one who can be referred to for advice or information."

"Don't do so, sir, or I shall be tempted to say more than may be prudent. Have you never noticed, Cave, the effect that a doctor's presence produces in the society of those who usually consult him—the reserve—the awkwardness—the constraint—the apologetic tone for this or that little indiscretion—the sitting in the draught or the extra glass of sherry? So is it, but in a far stronger degree, when an old man of the world like myself comes back amongst those he formerly lived with—one who knew all their past history, how they succeeded here, how they failed there—what led the great man of fashion to finish his days in a colony, and why the Court beauty married a bishop. Ah, sir, we are the physicians who have all these secrets in our keeping. It is ours to know what sorrow is covered by that smile, how that merry laugh has but smothered the sigh of a heavy heart. It is only when a man has lived to my age, with an unfailing memory too, that he knows the real hollowness of life—all the combinations falsified, all the hopes blighted—the clever fellows that have turned out failures, or worse than failures, the lovely women that have made shipwreck through their beauty. It is not only, however, that he knows this, but he knows how craft and cunning have won where ability and frankness have lost; how intrigue and trick have done better than genius and integrity. With all this knowledge, sir, in their heads, and stout hearts within them, such men as myself have their utility in life. They are a sort of walking conscience that cannot be ignored. The railroad millionaire talks less boastfully before him who knew him as an errand-boy; the *grande dame* is less superciliously insolent in the presence of one who remembered her in a very different character. Take my word for it, Cave, Nestor may have been a bit of a bore amongst the young Greeks of fashion, but he had his utility too."

"But how am I to answer this letter? what advice shall I give her?"

"Tell her frankly that you have made the inquiry she wished; that the young lady, who is as well-born as her son, is without fortune, and if her personal qualities count for nothing, would be what the world would call a 'bad match.'"

"Yes, that sounds practicable. I think that will do."

"Tell her also, that if she seriously desire that her son should continue in the way of that reformation he has so ardently followed for some time back, and especially so since he has made the acquaintance of this family, such a marriage as this would give her better reasons for confidence than all her most crafty devices in match-making and settlements."

"I don't think I can exactly tell her that," said Cave, smiling.

"Tell her, then, that if this connection be not to her liking, to withdraw her son at once from this neighbourhood before this girl should come to care for him; for if she should, by heavens! he shall marry her, if every acre of the estate were to go to a cousin ten times removed!"

"Were not these people all strangers to you to'other day, Fossbrooke?" said Cave, in something like a tone of reprehension.

"So they were. I had never so much as heard of them; but she, this girl, has a claim upon my interest, founded on a resemblance so strong, that, when I see her, I live back again in the long past, and find myself in converse with the dearest friends I ever had. I vow to heaven I never knew the bitterness of want of fortune till now! I never felt how powerless and insignificant poverty can make a man till I desired to contribute to this girl's happiness; and if I were not an old worthless wreck—shattered and unseaworthy—I'd set to work to-morrow to refit and try to make a fortune to bestow on her."

If Cave was half disposed to banter the old man on what seemed little short of a devoted attachment, the agitation of Fossbrooke's manner—his trembling lip, his shaken voice, his changing colour—all warned him to forbear, and abstain from what might well have proved a perilous freedom.

"You will dine with us at mess, Fossbrooke, won't you?"

"No. I shall return at once to Killaloe. I made Dr. Lendrick's acquaintance just as I started by the train. I want to see more of him; besides, now that I know what was the emergency that called young Trafford up here, I have nothing to detain me."

"Shall you see him before you go?"

"Of course. I'm going over to his quarters now."

"You will not mention our conversation?"

"Certainly not."

"I'd like to show you my letter before I send it off. I'd be glad to think it was what you recommended."

"Write what you feel to be a fair state-

ment of the case, and if by any chance an inclination to partiality crosses you, let it be in favour of the young. Take my word for it, Cave, there is a selfishness in age that needs no ally. Stand by the sons—the fathers and mothers will take care of themselves. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XII.

A GREAT MAN'S SCHOOL-FELLOW.

WHETHER it was that the Chief Baron had thrown off an attack which had long menaced him, and whose slow approaches had gradually impaired his strength and diminished his mental activity, or whether, as some of his "friends" suggested, that the old man's tenure of life had been renewed by the impertinences of the newspapers and the insolent attacks of political foes—an explanation not by any means far-fetched—whatever the cause, he came out of his illness with all the signs of renewed vigour, and with a degree of mental acuteness that he had not enjoyed for many years before.

"Beattie tells me that this attack has inserted another life in my lease," said he; "and I am glad of it. It is right that the men who speculated on my death should be reminded of the uncertainty of life by the negative proof. It is well, too, that there should be men long-lived enough to bridge over periods of mediocrity, and connect the triumphs of the past with the coming glories of the future. We are surely not destined to a perpetuity of Pendletons and Fitzgibbons!"

It was thus he discoursed to an old legal comrade—who, less gifted and less fortunate, still wore his stuff gown, and pleaded for the outer bar—poor old Billy Haire, the dreariest advocate, and one of the honestest fellows that ever carried his bag into court. While nearly all of his contemporaries had risen to rank and eminence, Billy toiled on through life with small success, liked by his friends, respected by the world, but the terror of attorneys, who only saw in him the type of adverse decisions and unfavourable verdicts.

For forty odd years had he lived a life that any but himself would have deemed martyrdom—his law laughed at, his eloquence ridiculed, his manner mimicked, jeered at by the bench, quizzed by the bar, sneered at by the newspapers, every absurd story tagged to his name, every stupid blunder fathered on him, till at last, as it were, by the mere force of years, the world came

to recognize the incomparable temper that no provocation had ever been able to irritate, the grand nature that rose above all resentment, and would think better of its fellows than these moods of spiteful wit or impertinent drollery might seem to entitle them to.

The old Judge liked him; he liked his manly simplicity of character, his truthfulness, and his honesty; but perhaps more than all these did he like his dulness. It was so pleasant to him to pelt this poor heavy man with smart epigrams and pungent sarcasms on all that was doing in the world, and see the hopeless effort he made to follow him.

Billy, too, had another use—he alone, of all the Chief Baron's friends, could tell him what was the current gossip of the hall; what men thought, or, at least, what they said of him. The genuine simplicity of Haire's nature gave to his revelations a character so devoid of all spitefulness—it was so evident that, in repeating, he never identified himself with his story, that Lendrick would listen to words from him that, coming from another, his resentment would have repelled with indignation.

"And you tell me that the story now is, my whole attack was nothing but temper?" said the old Judge, as the two men walked slowly up and down on the grass lawn before the door.

"Not that exactly; but they say that constitutional irritability had much to say to it."

"It was, in fact, such a seizure as with a man like yourself would have been a mere nothing."

"Perhaps so."

"I am sure of it, sir; and what more do they say?"

"All sorts of things, which of course they know nothing about. Some have it that you refused the peerage, others that it was not offered."

"Ha!" said the old man, irritably, while a faint flush tinged his cheek.

"They say, too," continued Haire, "that when the Viceroy informed you that you were not to be made a peer, you said, 'Let the Crown look to it then. The Revenue cases all come to my court; and so long as I sit there they shall never have a verdict.'"

"You must have invented that yourself, Billy," said the Judge, with a droll malice in his eye. "Come, confess it is your own. It is so like you."

"No, on my honour," said the other, solemnly.

"Not that I would take it ill, Haire, if

you had. When a man has a turn for epigram, his friends must extend their indulgence to the humour."

"I assure you, positively, it is not mine."

"That is quite enough; let us talk of something else. By the way, I have a letter to show you. I put it in my pocket this morning, to let you see it; but, first of all, I must show you the writer—here she is." He drew forth a small miniature case, and, opening it, handed it to the other.

"What a handsome girl! down-right beautiful!"

"My granddaughter, sir," said the old man, proudly.

"I declare I never saw a lovelier face," said Haire. "She must be a rare cheat if she be not as good as she is beautiful. What a sweet mouth!"

"The brow is fine; there is a high intelligence about the eyes and the temples."

"It is the smile, that little lurking smile, that captivates me. What may her age be?"

"Something close on twenty. Now for her letter. Read that."

While Haire perused the letter the old Judge sauntered away, looking from time to time at the miniature, and muttering some low inaudible words as he went.

"I don't think I understand it. I am at a loss to catch what she is drifting at," said Haire, as he finished the first side of the letter. "What is she so grateful for?"

"You think the case is one which calls for little gratitude then. What a sarcastic mood you are in this morning, Haire," said the Judge, with a malicious twinkle of the eye. "Still there are young ladies in the world who would vouchsafe to bear me company in requital for being placed at the head of such a house as this."

"I can make nothing of it," said the other, hopelessly.

"The case is this," said the Judge, as he drew his arm within the other's. "Tom Lendrick has been offered a post of some value—some value to a man, poor as he is—at the Cape. I have told him that his acceptance in no way involves me. I have told those who have offered the place that I stand aloof in the whole negotiation—that in their advancement of my son they establish no claim upon me. I have even said I will know nothing whatever of the incident." He paused for some minutes, and then went on: "I have told Tom, however, if his circumstances were such as to dispose him to avail himself of this offer, that—unless he assured himself that the place was one to his liking, that it gave a reasonable prospect of

permanence, that the climate was salubrious, and the society not distasteful—I would take his daughter to live with me.”

“He has a son too, hasn’t he?”

“He has, sir, and he would fain have induced me to take *him* instead of the girl; but this I would not listen to. I have not nerves for the loud speech and boisterous vitality of a young fellow of four or five and twenty. His very vigour would be a standing insult to me, and the fellow would know it. When men come to my age they want a mild atmosphere in morals and manners, as well as in climate. My son’s physiology has not taught him this, doctor though he be.”

“I see—I see it all, now,” said Haire; “and the girl, though sorry to be separated from her father, is gratified at the thought of becoming a tie between him and you.”

“This is not in the record, sir,” said the Judge, sternly. “Keep to your brief.” He took the letter sharply from the other’s hand as he spoke. “My granddaughter has not had much experience of life; but her woman’s tact has told her that her real difficulty—her only one, perhaps—will be with Lady Lendrick. She cannot know that Lady Lendrick’s authority in this house is nothing—less than nothing. I would never have invited her to come here, had it been otherwise.”

“Have you apprised Lady Lendrick of this arrangement?”

“No, sir; nor shall I. It shall be for you to do that ‘officiously,’ as the French say, to distinguish from what is called ‘officially.’ I mean you to call upon her and say, in the course of conversation, informally, accidentally, that Miss Lendrick’s arrival at the Priory has been deferred, or that it is fixed for such a date—in fact, sir, whatever your own nice tact may deem the neatest mode of alluding to the topic, leaving to her the reply. You understand me?”

“I’m not so sure that I do.”

“So much the better; your simplicity will be more inscrutable than your subtlety, Haire. I can deal with the one—the other masters me.”

“I declare frankly I don’t like the mission. I was never, so to say, a favourite with her Ladyship.”

“Neither was I, sir,” said the other, with a peremptory loudness that was almost startling.

“Hadn’t you better intimate it by a few lines in a note? Hadn’t you better say that, having seen your son during his late visit to town, and learnt his intention to accept a colonial appointment?”—

“All this would be apologetic, sir, and must not be thought of. Don’t you know, Haire, that every unnecessary affidavit is a flaw in a man’s case? Go and see her; your very awkwardness will imply a secret, and she’ll be so well pleased with her acuteness in discovering the mystery, she’ll half forget its offence.”

“Let me clearly understand what I’ve got to do. I’m to tell her, or to let her find out, that you have been reconciled to your son Tom?”

“There is not a word of reconciliation, sir, in all your instructions. You are to limit yourself to the statement that touches my granddaughter.”

“Very well; it will be so much the easier. I’m to say, then, that you have adopted her, and placed her at the head of your house; that she is to live here in all respects as its mistress?”

He paused, and as the Judge bowed a concurrence, he went on, “Of course you will allow me to add that I was never consulted; that you did not ask my opinion, and that I never gave one?”

“You are at liberty to say all this.”

“I would even say that I don’t exactly see how the thing will work. A very young girl, with of course a limited experience of life, will have no common difficulties in dealing with a world so new and strange, particularly without the companionship of one of her own sex.”

“I cannot promise to supply that want, but she shall see as much of *you* as possible.” And the words were uttered with a blended courtesy and malice, of which he was perfect master. Poor Haire, however, only saw the complimentary part, and hurriedly pledged himself to be at Miss Lendrick’s orders at all times.

“Come and let me show you how I mean to lodge her. I intend her to feel a perfect independence of me and my humours. We are to see each other from inclination, not constraint. I intend, sir, that we should live on good terms, and as the Church will have nothing to say to the compact, it is possible it may succeed.

“These rooms are to be hers,” said he, opening a door which offered a vista through several handsomely furnished rooms, all looking out upon a neatly-kept flower-garden. “Lady Lendrick, I believe, had long since destined them for a son and daughter-in-law of hers, who are on their way home from India. The plan will be now all the more difficult of accomplishment.”

“Which will not make my communication to her the pleasanter.”

"But redound so much the more to the credit of your adroitness, Haire, if you succeed. Come over here this evening and report progress. And with this he nodded an easy good-bye, and strolled down the garden.

"I don't envy Haire his brief in this case," muttered he. "He'll not have the court with him, that's certain;" and he laughed spitefully to himself as he went.

From The Englishman's Magazine.
PARADISE.

I. IN A DREAM.

ONCE in a dream I saw the flowers
That bud and bloom in Paradise;
More fair they are than waking eyes
Have seen in all this world of ours.
And faint the perfume-bearing rose,
And faint the lily on its stem,
And faint the perfect violet
Compared with them.

I heard the songs of Paradise:
Each bird sat singing in his place;
A tender song so full of grace
It soared like incense to the skies.
Each bird sat singing to his mate
Soft cooing notes among the trees:
The nightingale herself were cold
To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow,
And deep it was, with golden sand;
It flowed between a mossy land
With murmured music grave and low.
It hath refreshment for all thirst,
For fainting spirits strength and rest:
Earth holds not such a draught as this
From east to west.

The Tree of Life stood budding there,
Abundant with its twelvefold fruits;
Eternal sap sustains its roots,
Its shadowing branches fill the air.
Its leaves are healing for the world,
Its fruit the hungry world can feed,
Sweeter than honey to the taste,
And balm indeed.

I saw the gate called Beautiful;
And looked, but scarce could look, within;
I saw the golden streets begin,
And outskirts of the glassy pool.
Oh harps, oh crowns of plenteous stars,
Oh green palm-branches, many-leaved —
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again,
But not as once in dreams by night;
To see them with my very sight,
And touch, and handle, and attain:

To have all Heaven beneath my feet
For narrow way that once they trod;
To have my part with all the Saints,
And with my God.

II. IN A SYMBOL.

Golden-winged, silver-winged,
Winged with flashing flame,
Such a flight of birds I saw,
Birds without a name:
Singing songs in their own tongue
(Song of songs) they came.

One to another calling,
Each answering each,
One to another calling
In their proper speech:
High above my head they wheeled,
Far out of reach.

On wings of flame they went and came
With a cadenced clang,
Their silver wings tinkled,
Their golden wings rang,
The wind it whistled through their wings
Where in Heaven they sang.

They flashed and they darted
Awhile before mine eyes,
Mounting, mounting, mounting still
In haste to scale the skies —
Birds without a nest on earth,
Birds of Paradise.

Where the moon riseth not,
Nor sun seeks the west,
There to sing their glory
Which they sing at rest,
There to sing their love-song
When they sing their best:

Not in any garden
That mortal foot hath trod,
Not in any flowering tree
That springs from earthly sod,
But in the garden where they dwell,
The Paradise of God.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.